

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1874.

The Week.

CHICAGO has had another fire of the first order. The last time she is supposed to have lost \$200,000,000; this time she is supposed to have got off for less than \$5,000,000, and the insurance companies have suffered very slightly, the burnt quarter having consisted mainly of small wooden houses. But few valuable buildings were destroyed. Among these were the Post-office, a large hotel, and some churches. Mr. White of the *Chicago Tribune*, we are sorry to say, lost his house; in the first fire he lost his office also. Mr. Scammon of the *Inter-Ocean* also lost his house, and with it one of the most valuable libraries in the West, which has caused genuine regret; though, judging from the articles in his paper on the currency, his books do not seem to do him much good. The origin of the fire as usual is obscure, but this much is certain, that it originated in a wooden shanty, and through wooden shanties it was spread. The stupendous folly of allowing wooden buildings to be put up in close contact with stone in a large city would seem to be self-evident, and yet it has taken two big fires to convince the Chicago public of the fact. Happily, nearly all of those burnt on the present occasion were what are called rookeries, that is, squalid nests of dirt and disease, the destruction of which by the "devouring element" is a sanitary gain. As usual, the Fire Department comes in for a fair share of abuse, but we are unable to say with what justice. The accounts seem to agree, however, that a great deal of time was lost in trying to save the "rookeries" in which the flames first broke out which would have been better spent in isolating them, and that there was too great hesitation in bringing up the whole force of the Fire Department. It seems to be one axiom of the art of fire extinction that too much water cannot be poured upon the very first blaze, and that it cannot be poured too quickly, and another that no fire can safely be called small.

The Beecher-Tilton investigation is going on steadily, closely watched from the streets by the reporters, who, however, really have nothing to tell, and refrain, with somewhat remarkable self-denial, from rumors and conjectures. They have got Tilton, however, under a surveillance which no detective force could surpass, and which the secret police of the European despots would envy. His door seems to be watched with lynx-eyed vigilance. The departure of some trunks from it last week excited suspicions that he was about to attempt to fly to Europe or some island of the sea, but results must have shown him its hopelessness. On Monday evening the Committee sat at the house of one of the members in Brooklyn, and the door was guarded by representatives of the press until far on into the night in torrents of rain, but they had to acknowledge sorrowfully that they learned nothing. The basis of the few speculations in which they indulged was exceedingly slender, consisting simply of Tilton's appearance when he entered the house and when he left it, and one little peep into the room before the shades were pulled down. Going in, he seemed bowed down with care, while coming out he seemed light-hearted and joyous. Being asked his opinion of his own statement before the Committee, he modestly pronounced it "unanswerable." It has since been published, and although it is, pending Mr. Beecher's reply, hardly a fit subject for comment, it will have to be met with the utmost candor and straightforwardness.

The Indiana Democratic Convention, much waited for as being Mr. Hendricks's, begins its platform with a long black-list of Republican misdemeanors and crimes, among which we observe, for a new one, the latest topic of all, namely, the Poland-Harrington press

"gag-law," a matter which still calls on Mr. Poland for an explanation of his bad faith or of his simple facility in the hands of the District Government. Another matter of interest was not so fresh: this was the cheap-transportation question. But it was spoken of rather vaguely, and no definite policy was laid down:

"Resolved, That railroads and all other corporations created for gain or profit should be rendered subservient to the public good, and that we demand such legislation on this subject, both State and National, as will effectually secure the industrial and producing interests of the country against all forms of corporate monopoly and exaction."

On the currency question the voice was twofold, and Governor Hendricks, in one important part of his address, devoted himself to showing that paper-money is not "the currency of the world," thus contradicting the Hon. Mr. Bundy of Ohio, who said in the House last winter that he saw some a year ago as far off as Vienna, an Austrian city. Mr. Hendricks deprecates, rather gently, the existence side by side at the same moment of two mediums of exchange; but the remedy he deems it advisable to propose just at the present time is that, as we shall by-and-by increase our products, and make our paper dollars worth as much as gold, we perhaps had best wait.

Most of the rest of the platform is Indianian rather than national, and appears to be well planned for effect within the State. One plank, however, is more general. It roundly denounces the Civil Rights Bill; and, while wishing all manner of educational and other good to the negro, it wants to know what the voters of Indiana think of an attempt to force negro equality upon the whites by giving to the Federal Government an abhorrent power of interference in the management of graveyards, schools, churches, hotels, theatres, and so forth. The condemnation of Senators Morton and Pratt for their action on the bill is demanded, and doubtless this is by no means so empty a call in Indiana as it would be in many other States. Then follow impeachments of the Republicans for raising the State taxes from five cents on the hundred dollars to fifteen; for allowing their officials to embezzle by using public money as their own; and for supporting an extravagance which keeps county, State, and National taxes higher than they should be by at least fifty per cent. Another issue is the liquor question, the Democrats promising a repeal of the Baxter Prohibition Law and a return to a license system—the license money to be turned over to the school fund. That every weapon is to be used in this contest and no resource neglected is further evident from the fact that two of the candidates are taken from the Independent or Farmers' ticket, of whom one is a Liberal Republican of some influence. The Convention was enthusiastic and disorderly, and the candidates for nominations eager, which is thought to shed light on the probability of their getting their elections when once they have made sure of their nominations. But this many journals will not believe.

The Indiana Democrats appear on the surface to have given displeasure to many outside Democrats and to have correspondingly pleased the infidel and the alien. They avowed, for instance, that they thought paying the bonds in greenbacks to be no more than what justice requires, and thus revived the Pendletonism of six years ago—a proceeding which nobody at the East approves, no matter of what party. But with that squint to leeward which all Western conventions now give when these financial breakers come in sight, the convention in the same breath resolved that it was in favor of a return to specie payments as soon as possible; though, still, it thought that meantime there should be a judicious, not too hasty, regulation of the volume of the currency, and that the demands of business should always be regarded. The manner of all this portion of the platform, as well as the manner and substance of all the rest of it, seems to show that both the pleasure and the displeasure of which we have spoken have probably been indulged with-

out necessity. Indiana is the home of Senator Morton, who has certain relations to the Presidency, and also of Governor Hendricks, whom the Democrats may probably push forward as a candidate for that position. Often has the State been the scene of the contests of these two capable leaders. Only two years ago no stone was left unturned by either party, the one seeking to return Morton to the Senate, the other to secure the governorship as a *pou sto* for Mr. Hendricks. It may be said that both succeeded, for Morton secured his legislature, and Hendricks the governorship. It therefore happens this year, as we understand matters, that national questions are dealt with by the Democrats much as the Republicans dealt with them the other day—that is, everything said in platform and speech is said with a view to this autumn's State campaign (when only minor officers are to be elected), and, of course, with a view also to Morton's prestige and to Hendricks's in 1876. It is mainly a State affair; and we suspect much of the current comment is wasted on a platform the inexpedient features of which may well be withdrawn by the year after next, if such be the will of the National Convention; and to this end Governor Hendricks's careful speech seems to point with sufficient distinctness. We may add that, considering the Morton Convention's financial utterances, the Republican press has some impudence to fling mud at those of Governor Hendricks's Convention.

The willingness of the Southern people to accept leaders and obey them has been a fact much lost sight of, probably because the outside world knew the South better by its leaders than by its population in general, and, indeed, this population was hardly known to the outside world at all, and is not yet. What the Northerner or European was accustomed to see in the Southerner as he showed in Washington was a naturally high-spirited man, accustomed to the independent expression of his opinions, free in act as well as speech, and in general well equipped with all that important class of the gentlemanly qualities which are related to courage and self-assertion. As a rule, he was badly off as regards some of the other indispensable qualities, but of these a certain number of Southerners had a full supply. But leaders of this sort argue a submissive rank and file, and it is no wonder that, since the war, the Southerner should have often surprised the Northerner by indications of a fondness for personal rule, and, as many officials can testify, for Federal protection and government—provided, of course, that the Federal arm was not to be too much extended for the advantage of the negro. And the habit of leadership, no less than the habit of obedience, has made it natural for these old-time commanders, as well as for their followers, to look for relief above them rather than around them—to a society organized on a different plan than that underlying our Northern communities. Dislike of the successful side in the late war, and dislike of the patronage accorded to the negro, have come in to modify and repress this feeling, but it has an existence, and it is not surprising that, of the really serious talk about a third term for General Grant, pretty much all has come from the South. We have no doubt that both the officious Colonel Mosby and his correspondent, Governor Kemper, will in good time get their quietus from their fellow-Virginians; but there is not a Northern community where anybody but night-editors would waste so much ink on such a subject as these two politicians have shed. The last man out on the same side is a Louisianian—an ex-Governor—Mr. Hebert, who also is strong for a third term, but the newspaper men have discovered that he has recently been made a Commissioner of Levees at five thousand a year, and they suspect his motives to be of what is called a mixed character. We may safely make the general supposition that the subject has now no longer a breath of life in it.

We have intelligence from an exceedingly trustworthy source as to the state of affairs in Arkansas, and it is in substance this, the first part of which our readers already know: Baxter was in 1872 the nominee of the Clayton-Dorsey Ring, and was "counted in" by them fraudulently, while Brooks, the anti-ring candidate, really had a majority of votes. Baxter, however, soon

showed that he would not serve the ring, and in other words, to use their own slang, "went back on them." They then turned about and took up Brooks, and instigated him to oust Baxter by armed force, but the people of the State and the Legislature, who promptly recognized the real state of the case, sided with Baxter. The Legislature, as soon as Brooks was disposed of, then made arrangements to enable the people to get rid of the infamous constitution fastened on them by the ring at the close of the war, and ordered a vote to be taken both for and against a constitutional convention, and, if the result was affirmative, provided for the election of delegates. The Brooksites opposed this vehemently, both because, if carried, it would be a recognition of the legality of the Legislature which recognized Baxter, and because it would finally take the State out of their hands. The election has taken place, however, has been unprecedentedly fair, and has resulted in a vote of 88,886, out of a voting population of 100,000, for the convention, and the delegates elected are, our correspondent says, "the most substantial citizens of the State. To-day," he adds (July 14), "the convention has met. I have mingled with them as they have been coming in for the past few days. I find them to be extremely conservative, and to be of one mind to try and adopt a constitution for the whole people. They seek no proscription of any man on account of his previous political associations. The great desire seems to be to build up the State."

The "Universal Alliance" is the name of a body made up of representatives of various nations, which is intended to promote international humanity by means of diplomatic and other action, and especially to mitigate the horrors of war, by providing for the better treatment of prisoners and wounded, and the restriction of military power over non-combatants. It has succeeded in obtaining the recognition and patronage of the Emperor of Russia, and is going to hold a Conference at Brussels under his auspices, to which all the governments have agreed to send delegates. The programme of the proceedings on that occasion includes 147 articles or propositions which the delegates are to debate, and, if approved, propose for the adoption of the various governments. Some of these articles, which involve very important modifications in international law, have, it is said, been already approved if not suggested by Prince Gortchakoff. The Earl of Denbigh has called attention to two of them in particular in the House of Lords, and, apropos of them, has obtained from the Earl of Derby an announcement that the British Government will send a delegate to the Conference to report simply, and without power to agree to anything, and will refuse to enter into any discussion of the rules of international law, and will protest against any extension of the scope of the Conference so as to include matters relative to maritime operations or to naval warfare. The articles which have led to this disavowal call for the establishment of "the principle that the armed force of one state only fights against the armed force of another state, and does not consider as an enemy the peaceable citizen who is not equipped as a soldier," and "of the principle that in territories occupied by the enemy the army of occupation alone is to be considered as possessing legal authority." The objections to these "principles" are too numerous to be even hinted at in a paragraph, and at any rate it is hardly worth while discussing them as yet.

The only incident of note in English politics is the formal introduction of the "Home Rule" movement by Mr. Butt, an elderly gentleman, who has been for thirty years a prominent member of the Irish bar, but has been devoting himself of late years to politics, in which his success is considerably impeded by the defects in his personal character. "Home Rule" is a kind of modification of "Repeal," and means simply the relegation of purely Irish questions to an Irish legislature sitting in Dublin, leaving the legislative union still intact as regards Imperial, or, as we should say, Federal questions. Mr. Butt is about the only man of any mark, however, who advocates the scheme, and he is a Protestant and a "Saxon." Even The O'Donoghue spoke and voted against it on the present occasion, and it only got 61 votes against 458, Mr. Disraeli closing

the debate in a speech of considerable power, in which, replying to Mr. Butt's charge that Irishmen were unfairly treated in the distribution of high offices, he said he had known three prime ministers and three viceroys of India who were Irishmen, and that the present Lord Chancellor was an Irishman. He might have added that the present Governor-General of Canada is an Irishman, and that the latest recipient of high military honors, Sir Garnet Wolseley, is an Irishman, and that only a very few years since five out of the twelve English judges were Irishmen. In fact, if there be any unfairness in the matter, it is Englishmen and Scotchmen who have a right to complain of it. Considerable laughter was caused in the course of the debate by Mr. Butt's statement that the Irish press was not free, and there are probably few readers of the Irish papers of the "Home Rule" party who could if present have refrained from joining in it. The real difficulty in the way of Home Rule is that hardly anybody in Ireland who has anything to lose would contemplate it without a shudder. As the "national party" in our day is entirely wanting in the elements of intelligence and respectability which gave a certain dignity and promise to the "United Irishmen" organization at the close of the last century, and even gave some elevation to the Repeal agitation, the triumph of the present movement would probably result in the production of a legislature in Dublin of which the New York Common Council of late years might furnish a fair idea, and whose main occupation would be the "striking" of property-holders. The leader of the lower House, at least, would certainly not be a gentleman, like Grattan or Flood, or even like O'Connell or Smith O'Brien, with self-respect enough to refrain from the grosser kinds of speculation, but probably a common "boss," like Tweed or Shepherd, armed with a "rake" and a "slate," fond of good living and fine furniture, and indifferent to reputation.

Russia and Austria have just come together in a curious way, by a visit from the Archduke Constantine to Vienna to bestow on the Emperor the military Order of St. George, in remembrance, the letter of announcement said, of the alliance between the Austrian and Russian armies in 1849. As the one military result of this alliance was the battle of Raab, which crushed the Hungarian insurrection after it had effectually overthrown the Austrian armies, and brought about the subjugation of the country during the ensuing fifteen years, it was at first feared that this performance would be taken as insulting by the revived Hungarian kingdom, and place Francis Joseph in an unfortunate position. But the Hungarians, who are among the most practical politicians of the world, and never groan over the past, took the affair in perfect good humor, feeling perhaps, and quite correctly, that whatever humiliation there was in the battle of Raab fell to the lot of Austria herself, and that those may laugh who win. Moreover, Count Andrassy, who had to fly after 1849, was present at the banquet in the *Hónvéd* uniform, in which he fought against the allied armies in that year, which well marked the triumph of the national cause and showed what time had done to remove bitterness. About the same time Count Beust, as Austrian Ambassador in London, presided at the annual dinner of the Hungarian Society of that city, founded years ago for the relief of Hungarian refugees driven from home by political troubles. It is not so very long since the Austrian Minister looked on the society as a collection of criminals, on whom he would have been glad to lay hands. A little more significance was attached to the Russian visit at first than it would otherwise have had, owing to its coincidence with changes in the administration of the army. Since the adoption of the constitutional system, the army has been in the hands of the Minister of War, and the crown has had only formal connection with it through an Inspector-General, the Archduke Albert, who, however, had really no duties. The late Minister of War, Baron Kuhn, has now resigned, and his successor, Holler, finds himself outranked by Baron John, his senior in the service, who has been appointed to the revived office of "Chief of the Staff," answering to that held by General Von Moltke in Germany, and will probably now exercise the active control of

the army under the direct orders of the Emperor. This was at first treated by the press as a political move, but it is now plain that it has no political significance, and is simply due to a desire to carry out a new scheme of army reorganization on the French model.

The French Ministry, in spite of its Prussian character, has been passing through a crisis. M. Magne's proposal to increase the salt tax was defeated on Wednesday week by a majority of 106. Then a reluctance, real or supposed, on the part of M. Fourton, the Minister of the Interior, to permit the prosecution of M. Rouher (against whom there is all but proof positive that he had allowed his house to be used as the headquarters of a Bonapartist organization, of which he was the principal member), and differences regarding the organization of the Government, led to his resignation, and plainly, although the Cable makes no mention of it, to that of M. Magne, the Minister of Finance also, thus leaving the Cabinet without Bonapartists. The Duc de Broglie is said to have then endeavored to recast it altogether, but failed, and the two vacant places were filled by M. Chabaud-Latour and M. Mathieu Bodet, both, we believe, Orleanists. General de Cissey, the Minister of War, then announced that he had nothing new to say, inasmuch as the Cabinet as reconstituted had not had time to agree on anything. The debate on the Constitutional Bill was postponed until to-day, but it is thought probable that Péri's plan will be rejected, and that, after voting the appropriations, the Assembly will adjourn for the summer. The only progress made towards anything permanent or definite has been derived from the Marshal's declaration that for seven years he will not allow himself to be ousted. But he is performing an invaluable service to France in keeping the peace while the rival factions get used to the work of parliamentary government. Paul de Cassagnac has been acquitted on the charge of exciting citizens to hatred and contempt of each other. In reply to his own blackguard abuse of the Radicals, he read at the trial some of their blackguard abuse of the Bonapartists, and it would be hard to choose between them. But anything duller or more stupid it would be difficult to find. The fights between our own *Times* and Murtagh or Hugh Hastings are lively in comparison. The articles on both sides consist mainly of exhortations to the police to look after the other fellows for various specified reasons.

The Indian famine, from which so much was feared, has apparently proved not to be so very terrible after all, and though some of its consequences are likely to prove very important, they are not the consequences that were looked for. The *Economist*, brushing aside the sentimentalist accounts of it, goes boldly to the revenue returns as likely to furnish the surest indication of what it has amounted to, and finds that the yield of the various taxes has diminished very slightly—the land tax, for instance, only 1.6 per cent. It finds, moreover, that the estimates for the coming year, which are drawn by men who know what they are talking about, not only do not calculate on a farther decline, but look for a positive increase. More remarkable still, the decrease in several important items is attributable to agencies which have no connection with the famine. In short, it is plain that, although \$52,500,000 have been spent in relief, the extent and intensity of the famine have been greatly exaggerated. In fact, under the old native *régime* it would probably not have been called a famine at all. But then it has brought to light, the *Economist* thinks, two other things of considerable importance. One is that the pressure of population on subsistence under the security of British rule is becoming very great, and is alarmingly great when we consider that the means of subsistence lies in a single crop which may any year fail, and that the population is already in Bengal very dense. Another is that the measures of relief resorted to in the present instance, and which are unparalleled in Indian history, will probably satisfy the people that the Government is sure to take care of them under all circumstances, and thus throw down the last and most powerful obstacle to improvident multiplication and improvident modes of life.

THE REPUBLICAN CHURCH.

THE full text of the address to the people of the Republican Congressional Committee has been published. The signers are mostly politicians of a not very high order, starting with Mr. John A. Logan, but the document is ingenious and perhaps effective, and is intended to influence the coming Congressional elections, and will doubtless do so. The most telling part of it is the opening, in which it compares the career of the Republican party with the preceding period of Democratic rule, and in which, as in all such comparisons, there is a great variety of curious evasions and omissions. These, however, are hardly worth notice; nor is the portion of the paper which is devoted to an enumeration of the Republican services to the nation since 1861, as it is very familiar to the public ear.

When the address proposes to the Republican voter an indefinite continuance of the confidence hitherto reposed in the party in power, it brings up again a point of a good deal of importance, which we have more than once discussed in these columns, and that is, the length to which this confidence ought to be carried. As the managers state their case, there is really no reason why the party should not continue in power for ever. What they say is, in substance, that it is quite true that there are many abuses still needing correction, but that the Republican party is sure to correct them if we give it time. But the party has now been so long in power, and has effected such sweeping changes in the Government, that a large majority of the abuses which now call for rectification are really of its own creation, or have grown up under its rule. The moiety system, the Sanborn contracts, and the "salary grab," for instance, to enumerate those of latest date, which the last Congress has swept away, were the direct result of Republican legislation. The condition of the civil service, though not Republican in its origin, has reached its present pitch of badness in Republican hands, under the enormous multiplication of the duties of the Government which has taken place under Republican rule; but the party as such gives itself no concern about it, and is apparently hostile to any change in it, and yet this abuse may be said to be the fountain of all others, and the one which most distinctly imperils the Government. The condition of the South, and its relations to the General Government, constitute another abuse of the most dangerous magnitude, and yet the Congressional Committee pass it over, as the majority in the last Congress passed it over, almost without notice. The condition of the currency is another most alarming abuse, and all the Committee have to say about it is that if the Republicans do not know how to deal with it, neither do the Democrats—which is very much as if Jones, whom you had taken to pilot you along a dangerous coast, were to confess that he knew no more about the coast than a babe unborn, but could assure you for your consolation that his rival Smith, who wanted the job, knew nothing about it either, and were to advise you to get out your lines and go codfishing. A party in power which calmly confesses in a period of suspended specie payments that it has nothing to say about the currency, and yet proposes that it shall continue in power as long as it may be necessary for it to make up its mind, really claims the status and privileges of a church. The church is a permanent institution—created for the regeneration and salvation of men—which cannot be overthrown or dispensed with, and which, though it may become corrupt or time-serving or lukewarm, nevertheless contains within itself the means of its reformation and is the one channel of grace. This is virtually the kind of position the Committee claim for the Republican party. Under their definition of it, no valid reason for putting it out of office can ever arise, because, no matter of what faults or follies it may be guilty, it can always abandon or reform them. It may, for instance, create the moiety system and breed Jaynes and Sanborns, but then, as soon as the people get angry, it can sweep the system away and dismiss Jayne and Sanborn. It may pass a salary bill, but if it finds the country is displeased it can repeal it at the next session. It might propose a measure of repudiation, as some of its leaders did in

1868, but then if it found the country was not ready for it, it might drop it.

Now, this is a delightful theory for the politicians, because it means perpetual office for them and their friends; but is it a theory which voters are really ready to sanction or adopt in a country ruled by party? Would there be under such a system any means whatever of enforcing any responsibility or of infusing any seriousness or care into legislation? If a party need never fear dismissal from power as long as it is ready to undo the mischief it has done, what check is there on its wrong-doing? Take the moiety system. It was in operation for five years; it demoralized the commercial world; it converted the custom-house into a den of fraud and extortion; it subjected the most respectable merchants to unheard-of penalties; it converted their confidential clerks into spies and informers, put their private correspondence into the hands of the lowest order of adventurers, and enabled a tribe of disreputable people to make fortunes by black-mail. Now, no party ought to dare to create such a system. A party is bound to foresee the consequences of such a system; but what party will ever take the trouble to examine such legislation carefully, and follow out its probable working, if it knows that it can get rid of the burden and odium of it by simply repealing it after the knaves have filled their pockets under it? Take again the Sanborn case. The three most important officers of the Treasury were convicted—we do not think this is too strong a word—either of the grossest negligence or of connivance at fraud. They were armed with the power they abused by a careless act of Congress. When the abuses which occurred under it were exposed, but not sooner, the Secretary of the Treasury retired; but he was forthwith put on the judicial bench for life by the appointment of the head of the party, and with the confirmation of the majority in the Senate. Now, was this a proper way to deal with such a matter? Is this a proper example to set to the servants of the Government and to the young men of the country? And are we really to have no remedy for such things except prayer that the managers may undergo a change of heart?

The validity of the claims of a party to continuance in office can only, as it seems to us, be tested by the spirit in which it deals with the real questions of the day—by which we mean not only the topics which occupy men's minds, but the prevailing tendencies of the time. Strong convictions about slavery and the national unity were valuable during and at the close of the war, but the "burning questions" since the war have been the disorder in the finances and the enormous force of civil servants created by the war. With these the Republican party has shown no disposition whatever to deal. A curious illustration of the limitation of its powers and aims exhibited in the settlement of the *Alabama* dispute with England. After that had been arranged by the Executive, and the money handed over to the majority in Congress, there was neither wisdom nor grace enough found in the body to order the distribution of even this small sum upon any recognized and established principles of law or commercial usage. The total collapse of both Houses in the presence of the currency problem was another example of the same helplessness; and indeed it would be hard to say in what question now before the people the party takes more than a perfunctory interest. It might, in spite of many errors and shortcomings, establish solid claims to popular confidence in the future if it showed any disposition to bring forward able men, and put them in the front. But more determined discouragement of talent was probably never witnessed in our history. Every new election sees the number of its ignorant brawlers increase, and also the number of its able men who retire into private life.

CITY AND COUNTRY AT THE OAR.

BEFORE every boat-race the newspapers are naturally full of comments on the crews and of speculations as to the result, and what they say in many cases furnishes a somewhat curious illustration of the way in which even the most sceptical keep little corners of their minds for faith, into which they will on no account allow positivism to enter. Every one must have observed how large a pro-

portion of the members of what is called the Radical school are very Gradgrinds on the subject of religion. They believe what they see, and see what they believe, and nothing more, and call out for "facts" in the middle of a prayer, and are full of measureless scorn for people who hold on to a creed for the sake of its consolations or associations. They have no patience with a man who believes or tries to believe because it is pleasant, or who refuses to examine the ground of his belief lest he should find it hollow. When you tell them of the support which millions have drawn from the stories and theories which men of the positivist turn denounce as myths, they ask you contemptuously whether there is any legitimate support but truth, and whether anybody but a savage ought to draw comfort from things which science shows to be the creations of poetry or thaumaturgy. Whenever we turn aside from religion to politics, however, we find the same men converted into humble, wondering, credulous worshippers, who stand with open mouths, ready for any legend, tradition, or theory, however wild or however opposed to observed facts, which seems likely to exalt any object of their admiration or to further any cause they have deeply at heart. You meet a scoffer coming away from a church-door full of sneers for the preacher or of contempt for the congregation, and evidently a sceptic of the sceptics with whom it is useless to argue, and if you are of a devout or poetic turn, you thank your stars that you are not likely to be brought much in contact with such a dry, cold, and unsympathetic and unimaginative mind. But begin to talk to him of Humanity or Woman, or the Poor Man or the Poor Boy, and the chances are ninety-nine to one that you find yourself dealing with an intellect that might have been trained by St. Francis d'Assisi or Cardinal Cullen. He is ready for almost any proposition, however monstrous; in fact, the more monstrous it is, the better he likes it. When you produce something very wonderful about the powers of ordinary human nature he swallows it calmly, and asks if you have not something a little stronger. His Garden of Eden is very much the same as that in which the Fall took place, but instead of placing it 4000 B.C. he puts it A.D. 2500, and calls it the "Golden Age." The life led by the inhabitants he makes much the same as that of Adam and Eve. There will be no work done in it except for exercise. Tillage and manufactures will be attended to by machinery, directed by pure and cultivated men and women in their hours of leisure. There will be neither poor nor rich; or rather, all will be rich, or possess the enjoyments now monopolized by the rich. There will be no judges or lawyers, or armies or navies. Nobody will be cleverer or more learned, or wiser or stronger, than anybody else. There will be banks in which everybody will have an account which cannot be overdrawn, and where he can have his note cashed without discount. Interest on money will be unknown, and stocks, instead of being bought or sold, will pass by gift. Everybody will have a university education, and will get his degree by whatever occupation best pleases him; some by hoeing potatoes, others by reading magazines, and others by running to fires and playing hockey in the streets. Corn will be carried to tide-water at five cents a bushel, and any dirty work there may be, such as cleaning sidewalks or repairing roads after freshets, will be done by fatigue parties of would-be despots and middlemen and monopolists, superintended by brilliant women.

If you venture to point out any difficulties in the way of the realization of these visions which you either draw from human experience or from observation of the working of natural laws, he incontinently denounces you as a heartless reactionary, who would shut the gates of mercy on mankind, and who has no sympathy with his fellows or faith in them; and tells you with a burst of triumph that these beliefs which you reject he means, for his part, to cherish to his last hour; that they are his support and consolation under all the sufferings and calamities of his life; that without them the world would be to him a howling waste, and the future a dark and dismal void. He treats you, in short, very much as the old lady in Providence treated the gentleman who tried to excuse the inhabitants for not going to church, by showing her that while

the number was so much, there was not church accommodation for a tenth of them: "Sir," said she, "I want none of your infidel arguments."

The bearing of all this on some of the newspaper critics of the boat races is this—that they always try, in the true religious spirit, to make it appear that victory will, somehow, go to the crews least favored by worldly fortune; that is, that it is the honest country boys who had to work on the farm before they went to college, like the "Aggies" last year, or the honest mechanics who went from the workshop to college, like the Cornells this year, who will carry the day against the pampered or favored town boys of Yale and Harvard or Columbia. Nature, they think, must have a tenderness for the poor, and a desire to promote the respectability of manual labor and country life; just as the friends of woman think that Nature cannot have been so grossly unjust as to disqualify woman for any office of dignity or emolument. And yet this illusion about Nature and the country boy has been again and again dissipated by actual experience, and this experience is found to be in accordance with the soundest deductions of physiological science. The reports of our Medical Department on the late war showed, what the reports of all medical departments have shown everywhere, that the country boys are the very softest material that goes into the field; that no military contingents are sooner knocked up on the march or sooner broken down by fatigue; and that none suffers such serious diminution under the terrible process of sifting by which veterans are made. In fighting, marching, or bivouacking, or any other severe and prolonged test of the bodily powers, the city man, or man of the desk, other things being equal, comes off best, and this for a reason which, so far from being depressing, is, as regards the future of the race, in the highest degree encouraging. It is the reason which gives the civilized man his advantage over the savage, makes the officer more enduring than the soldier, and ensures the dominion of the world always to that portion of the race which makes most use of its brains. Country life, with all its advantages, has the very great disadvantage of being, intellectually considered, a sluggish life. It seldom calls for a rapid use of the faculties, and does not offer any great variety of objects for the exercise of them; so that, all else being the same, a totally illiterate street-boy will have great advantage in any trial of mingled skill and endurance over a totally illiterate country boy. The city boy who leads a tolerably healthy life is, therefore, better armed at the outset for any struggle which requires a very nice adjustment of nervous power to the overcoming of a given set of difficulties. Any marked difference in intellectual training is likely to increase this advantage. One of the most valuable results of this training is the increase it makes in a man's capacity for working for remote results, without diminution of ardor or vigor—a capacity on which civilization may be said to rest; and there is, perhaps, no point of both the moral and physical constitution which is more thoroughly tested by a boat race than this. The more of it a man has, the better military officer, or student, or business man, or rower he is likely to make. To be able to see things far off as if they were near, and act as if a year hence were to-morrow, is the very essence of what is called "bottom," or staying-power in a man. The process of training for a boat race is constantly talked of as if it were simply an affair of muscle, and, therefore, as if the man who had cut down most trees or pitched most hay was sure to stand it best, and win the race. But it is in reality only an affair of muscle in a minor degree; it is mainly a trial of nervous force. The man who can on the appointed day, after two or three months of hard work, worry, and excitement, bring his bodily powers most completely within the control of his brain, will win the race, supposing his muscles to be as tough as those of his competitors; and the chances are that this man will be the best-fed, best-taught man, and the man who has, on the whole, had most practice in the rapid concentration of his faculties on a given piece of exertion; so that all reliance on anterior head-carrying, or hoeing, or mowing, or lumbering, though it is sometimes sweet, is apt to be delusive.

It is sincerely to be hoped, however, in the interest of genuine culture, that the victory each year at the university boat

racers will not be confined to any one college, but that newcomers will, as this year, get a fair share of it. It is in the power of every college which has a good piece of water near it to make up a good crew by applying the right tests; and the better the chance of winning seems to be, the more colleges will try, and the more widely diffused through the country will be the really valuable tastes and habits which boat-racing tends to cultivate.

THE LAST REVIEW IN PARIS.

PARIS, July 3.

MILITARY reviews have always been a favorite spectacle for all Frenchmen. I remember, as if it were yesterday, the first I witnessed. I still feel my hand in my father's hand when he took me to the Place Kleber for my first review; I was only twelve years old, and was living under the mild and happy reign of Louis Philippe, the Napoleon of peace, as he was sometimes called. I had hardly ever allowed my mind to think of the horrors of war. The statue of the gigantic Kleber in his uniform of general of the Republic appeared to me like the figure of a good-natured man, who, I thought to myself with some envy, must have been very strong. In those golden days, the soldiers of Baden and those of France who mounted guard on the two opposite ends of the bridge of Kehl often fraternized, and did not look upon each other as enemies. How bright and gay this first review seemed to me when the batteries went round the Place, the horses at full gallop! I enjoyed the brilliant uniforms, the invigorating sounds of the military bands, even the awful sound of the drums. One poor fellow was thrown off his horse; I trembled for him, but he got up and remounted his horse immediately, looking only a little flushed and defiant. We had in Strasbourg our favorite, our crack regiment, made up almost entirely of Alsations; a regiment of *pontonniers* was constantly quartered there, as the Rhine was an admirable field for its exercise. The Alsations have always preferred the artillery to all other arms; they all ride well, they are generally taller than the common infantry-men, and there is a mysterious affinity between them and a battery of clean and solid guns. No review will ever be to me what these reviews of my childhood were: I trembled with excitement, with a mixture of awe and pleasure, when I saw the great waves of horses and men roll before me with a splendid regularity. All the arguments of the philosophers and the philanthropists have never destroyed my instinctive admiration for the army; have we anything more precious than our life? The man who is always willing, always ready to give away his life for his country, is, after all, the man by excellence; and there was good reason in our old régime why the profession of arms should have been deemed the natural profession of a gentleman. But the devotion of a Condé or a Turenne to his country seems less sublime than the obscure devotion of the young peasant who expects no promotion, who has left his family and his fields, and who gives a few years of his life to what he calls his country, to a half-ideal, half-material idol. He knows he is but an atom, but he is willing to be crushed; he mingles with thousands of other atoms, without any other will than the will of obedience. Can even your non-resistants in America think without pride of the men who fought at Gettysburg? Can anybody read the words of Lincoln on the soldiers who fell on that eventful day without feeling some heroic appetite?

After the reviews of Strasbourg, I remember well those of the first years of the Empire. My feelings were no longer those of a child; I was not a friend of the Empire, I did not approve its system of perpetual war; but I could not deny myself the pleasure of seeing the return to Paris of the army of the Crimea. I was in a small café on the Boulevard des Italiens, and from a window I saw the famous zouaves who had entered Malakoff arrive in their ragged uniforms and with their tattered flags. They were not guilty of any selfish or ambitious schemes; they had simply done their duty. They marched quietly, still laden with all the utensils of the camp, and on both sides the boulevard was lined with an exultant people. There was something more pompous and theatrical in the return of the army of Italy. The rugged warriors of the Crimea had suffered so many hardships that they cared not much on their return for appearances; the Italian campaign had been short; Napoleon III. stood before the Vendôme Column, having his son, then almost a child, by him; and the army marched in perfect order before three generations, as it were, of Caesars. The mind was transported forcibly to the times of the great triumphs in Rome illustrated by Mantegna and many others.

I saw none of the ordinary reviews held under the Empire at the Bois de Boulogne; they were mere military pageants, they formed a part of the programme "*panem et circenses*"; and for all the foreign kings and emperors who came to pay their court to Napoleon III. they formed, so to speak, the *revers de la médaille* of the splendid hospitality offered to them by

the French Emperor. A royal visit was a drama which began with court balls, gala representations at the opera, hunting and shooting days at Compiègne and Fontainebleau, and which invariably terminated with the show of an army which was then thought invincible. It may be that the keen eye of Moltke perceived already in its brilliant regiments the first symptoms of disorder and of disorganization; the old King of Prussia was used himself to the counting of men in battalions and of horses in squadrons. They were both with the Emperor of Russia on the famous day when Berezowski attempted the life of the Czar as he was returning from Longchamps to Paris. Shall I speak of other reviews held in that place? The King of Prussia passed in review there the troops who entered Paris after the capitulation. Is there a Frenchman who witnessed this review? Saxons, Würtembergers, the Prussian Guard, fractions of all the corps, marched before the Emperor; Prince Bismarck in uniform joined the army as far as the Arc de Triomphe, he merely gave a look at the Champs Elysées, he saw them lined with Germans, and galloped back to Versailles.

Then came the second siege of Paris; our prisoners, coming from Germany, learned on their arrival that it was for them to attack the capital. They did not hesitate; after months of captivity, they re-entered the ranks of a completely disorganized army, and they began the terrible war against the Commune—a war of ambushes, of patience. They conquered Paris quarter by quarter, street by street, sometimes house by house. Eight thousand French soldiers lost their lives in this conflict, as many almost as at Gravelotte or at Wörth. They were commanded by MacMahon; he had come from Germany, thinking that all was over with him, and Thiers had told him that he must take Paris from the insurgents, who had been left in possession of all the forts. The soldiers believed in MacMahon, and he believed in them; he accepted the terrible task; he witnessed the conflagration of Paris from the hills of Montretout during that dreadful night when it was feared that all the monuments of the capital would become ruins. He reviewed his army a few days afterwards in the Bois de Boulogne, and though M. Thiers was still in power, a keen observer might have discovered even on that day that the chief of the army would soon become perforce the President of a Republic which, under a civilian, constantly threatened to become another Commune. It is certainly a curious fact that an army which had suffered such crushing defeats during the war with Germany, which had almost ceased to exist as an army, should so soon become again the arbiter of the nation. It is owing to the Commune; and as the Terror may be said to have ruined the first Republic, and the insurrection of June the Republic of 1848, so the Commune, if it did not put an end to the existence of the Republic, at any rate gave the power to the army and its representatives.

Marshal MacMahon is a silent and enigmatic man; he has probably few political passions; he owes his title of Duke, his dignity of Marshal, to the Second Empire, but he has little affection for what remains of the fallen régime. The Emperor, much against his will, forced him to leave Châlons, where he wished to wait for the Germans, and to make the fatal march on Sedan. I reached the conviction that the Marshal would play a political rôle when I saw him, day after day, come to the Assembly. He always remained in a box (the Assembly sits in the old theatre of Louis XIV.) on the second tier, behind one of his aides-de-camp, but watched very eagerly all the debates. He probably formed then his opinions as to the divisions of the Assembly, and the difficulties of a political solution, and became slowly convinced that he should finally become the solution.

He was already in power when the Shah of Persia arrived; the Marshal offered him, among other pleasures, a great review in the Bois de Boulogne. It was a short time after the 24th May, and for the first time MacMahon appeared before the army not only as Marshal but as the President. He left, however, the Shah, with all his diamonds, among the ladies and the civilians, and placed himself as usual among his troops. The army of the Commune had already changed its character; the troops which had retaken Paris, when they were first reviewed, looked more like bands of armed men than like organized regiments. The policemen of Paris had all been organized in a regiment; they had to avenge their friends, taken as hostages and murdered in the prisons; even the custom-house officials formed small battalions. None of these improvised troops passed before the Shah; everything was already put in order; but the cavalry, mounted on small Arab horses, looked still disorderly, the batteries were not neatly equipped. It was very different last Sunday, when an army of 55,000 men were reviewed by the President in the plain of Longchamps. Prince Hohenlohe, who was in the box of the President of the Assembly, was probably surprised to see how rapidly the French army has been reorganized. The object of the review, however, was less military than political. The Marshal had grown tired of all the intrigues of the Bonapartists and the ultra-Legitimists; the Assembly was discussing whether the Septennat should be personal or impersonal, whether there should be a Septennial Republic or a Republican Septennat. The Duc de

Lirochefoucault-Bisaccia, French Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, had come home and proposed to proclaim once Henri V.; M. Casimir-Périer, an ex-Monarchist who has gone over to the Republic, had proposed to proclaim the definitive Republic. The Assembly, the Committee of Thirty, seemed completely helpless. The Marshal might have sent a message to the House, and said on what terms he was willing to remain in power. He preferred to speak to the army and to the people: "The National Assembly," says he in his order of the day to the troops after the review, "having confided to me for seven years the executive power, has placed in my hands, during this period, the guardianship of order and of the public peace. This part of the mission entrusted to me belongs also to you. We will fulfil it together to the end, and maintain everywhere the authority of the law and the respect which is due to it."

This is very plain language; and, would you believe it? the Republican papers speak of it in terms of eulogy! One Republican paper actually remarks that there were more Republican deputies at the review than Monarchical deputies. The most devoted senators of the First Empire were the old Jacobins. It would be a great mistake, however, to imagine that the Marshal—who says now as he did at Malakoff, "J'y suis, j'y reste"—thinks of preparing the Empire. If he does pave the way for the Empire, he is unconscious of it; he will remain President for seven years, and then France must judge for herself. The country will then probably do what the Assembly did on the 24th of May—place the most energetic man in power.

THE COLLEGE RACES.

SARATOGA, July 20.

OF the thousands of persons present on Saturday last at Saratoga Lake, very few indeed but must have seen a great portion of the race; the air was beautifully clear and bright, the water was smooth, and consequently the starting-line was visible from the finish-line even without a glass. But at the same time, to see the whole race from end to end with anything like the accuracy which alone could give the observer a right to speak about details, must have fallen to the lot of a still smaller number of persons and an extremely small number. One would not think so to read the newspapers; but the writings of the correspondents, both as done before the race and since, show very plainly that among us the business of training men for a race, of rowing it, and of discoursing on the subject meantime and afterwards, is still to a great degree in its experimental, tentative, formative stages. So far as this remark refers to the oarsmen it applies fully only to collegians; as for our professional oars, some of them have given a perfectly good account of themselves when pitted against competitors of the first order coming from countries where boat-racing has long had its home; and they hold themselves ready to do the same thing again. But in general our regattas and their management are marked by inexperience and rawness; and this is true of them from the choice of a timekeeper at the last moment before the start, and his performance of his duties as the boats go over the line, away back to the selection by a college club of its captain; the captain's selection of a stroke, English or American, and his trip across the water to learn it; the crew's controversy as to the value of the arm muscles in comparison with other muscles; the newspaper correspondents' flamboyant reports about the amount of logging and wood-sawing done in earlier life by this and that member of this and that crew, and the terrible stroke or the mighty stroke thus acquired by the young countryman. For a great deal of this crudeness and lack of knowledge there is no one much to be blamed; we must go before we run and creep before we walk, and college crews and captains and city committees are as yet to be taught. But the failure to recognize this truth and to see that it is as relevant to boating as to other things, tends among its numerous other results to the production of newspaper letters which not only must cause some amusement and some exasperation to an expert, but which moreover are apt to mislead the public and do some injustice, perhaps great injustice, to the men and things written about, and this is for all reasons to be regretted. For example, it must be anything but pleasant for a captain of a boat to be denounced in print for certainly and obviously fouling an antagonist, his critic being a writer who is as competent to speak on peaceful practice-rowing, let alone the technicalities of semi-hostile struggling for victory, as he is to speak of the hydrophobic cases which were his last topic before going up to Saratoga. So fearless and so discursive, comprehensive, dogmatic, and also uninformed and inexperienced were many of the correspondents, that one fellow-worker of theirs, endowed with the *vis comica*, unexpectedly set himself to satirizing the effusions of some of them, and he did it with as much truth as drollery. Some of the others were not open to his attacks, as, for example, the correspondents of the *World*, who, shunning with due reticence the technicalities of detail, gave sensible accounts of the crews and their movements, and at the end

described the race with abundance of spirit and not a little pictorial power. Here is what our satirizing gentleman saw at the quarters of the Princeton university crew:

"Addick does credit to the Quaker City. He spends his spare time on the front piazza with the beautiful daughters of Mr. Riley. His devotion to the classics is as marked as is his liking for the society of the fair sex. He has been known on examination, after making a mistake, to go up and convince the teacher that he was right. He is a good starboard stroke.

"Hall is a good-looking blonde, with a pure Dublin accent. He is from New York City, and occupies his spare moments in making a part in his back hair and making comparative mathematical calculations of the time it will take his moustache to sprout.

"Taylor is a handsome blonde from the Quaker City; is in the port-waist, and about the heaviest man in this crew of light-weights. He is the Crichton of the crew.

"Smith, of Paterson, New Jersey, the bow oar and captain, is a smooth-faced, tawny blonde, with an innocent countenance, close-cropped hair, and, though the shortest man of the crew, is well put together. He thinks that early rising may be good for other people."

This is not particularly dignified, but it is as good as half columns about "the English stroke" of a certain crew; and about the loins and the reach and the determined mouth of somebody in the port-waist of the boat of another crew, who perhaps does, and perhaps does not, pull his own weight.

To take another instance, and a more general one, of the haste and carelessness in which our writers for the press may indulge themselves in doing their work: One of our New York morning papers, and one which in some respects is conservatively edited, sent out a correspondent a month ago to visit the various colleges and send back some report of the plans and hopes of the crews. Yale College and Harvard College are not obscure institutions of learning; and the early history of neither is inaccessible; but when this correspondent reached New Haven, he wrote home in an easy way that Harvard, as he understood the matter, was originally based on Unitarian ideas, while Yale's first foundation rested upon that sturdy Presbyterianism which prevails in Western and Central New York—a view of the annals which would surprise Dr. Abraham Pierson or Dr. Dunster.

All this might need no mention, but the regatta has already given rise to a great many disputes and much hard feeling between two of the colleges interested, and of this we have probably not heard the last; nor is it probable that there will be waiting on the one side and the other, from writers for the press and from persons unconnected with it, a number of witness-esses to whose testimony it would be a mistake to attach any weight. The race, as seen by me, was seen from the press-boat *Commodore Brady*, which at half-past ten Saturday morning lay half a mile down the course waiting for the start, and when that had taken place steamed down the right-hand side of the course, keeping abreast of the crews as long as was practicable after they had overtaken us. Our boat did her duty well for nearly two miles, although we were gradually and slowly but surely falling behind, and at the finish were not within a short enough eye-shot of the boats to make out which was first, which second, and which third. I ought hardly to say, however, that we did not feel sure which was first, though I for one could not quite make out by looking; Columbia, which early put herself at the head of the fleet, and, despite great efforts on the part of three other crews, maintained it well, visibly had an advantage as she, Wesleyan, and Harvard passed on towards the end which left us in no real doubt about her victory. As at the finish, so at the start, we were a trifle too far off to see exactly which crew caught the water first, and precisely in what order they came down the first quarter of a mile. We could see plainly enough that as the smoke of the starter's pistol rose against the background of Snake Hill, they were every one off almost before the report of the pistol reached us, and that it was a good start; but stretched out as the nine boats were over so long a line, it was difficult for us, looking at them end on, to perceive how they stood relatively to each other. Here again, however, an exception may be made in the case of the Columbias, for being placed out at the western end of the line they gave us a partly lateral view of them, and apparently they were almost at once foremost. The sight was at this time very fine. The water under our gunwales was black and clear, but the general surface of the lake was of a silver-grey in the sun; the nine boats—soon to absorb all our attention—were coming down over it at a great rate, the oars flashing at their regular intervals; and the whole scene was set in a framework of green banks, behind which at a little distance was the range of blue hills which greatly help to make Saratoga Lake the beautiful sheet of water that it is.

Some little time before the leading boats came up on a level with us we could see that the race had begun to lie among four crews. Of these one was the Columbias, pulling without much of what used to be called style, but pulling all together, and making it apparent to the most un-instructed eye that their boat was going very fast and apparently without

trouble to the men. In the same company were the Harvards, the Wesleys, and the Yales, the latter being as yet the hindmost, and apparently rowing as well within themselves as Columbia, but not more so, and with a slower stroke. Behind came the rest of the contestants, the Williams men indeed almost deserving at this point of the course, and still later also, to be named with the other four, so strongly and steadily did this crew, to which everybody wished good luck, lay themselves down to the oars. Close at hand were the Dartmouth and Cornell boats, and, last, Trinity and Princeton, already pretty well tailed out from the others. A little further on, also, the sight was remarkable and worthy of enthusiasm not only by reason of its beauty, but for something else. Columbia, Harvard, Wesleyan, and Yale were so close together—so too close together, it was feared—that, as the horse-racers say, the four of them might have been covered with a blanket. The light-blue head-handkerchief of the Columbias, the showy and eye-striking red of the Harvards, the deep-blue of the Yales, and the lavender of the Wesleys, together with the bright glitter of the oars, gave the picture great vivacity, and the swaying motion of course emphasized everything. The general forward motion it is not easy to describe. Some readers may recollect a child's toy made like the machine called "a lazy-tongs" (of which a specimen is the trellis-like gate with movable slats which is used by the Hoboken Ferry Company). The toy used to be composed further of wooden soldiers painted of various dyes, and the play with it consisted in placing these images on pegs and moving the lattice-work so that at one moment the regiment was longer, at another shorter and more compact. The boats went in something of the same see-saw fashion. Now the lavender would creep forward, now the blue, now there would be a little relative change between the red handkerchiefs and the dark-blue, or the red and the pale-blue. But they were all close companions, and the little raft of boats went down the course in a way to remind one, partly by similarity, of Wordsworth's cloud, that

"Moveth altogether if it move at all,"

and partly to remind one of it by contrast, so constant in energy and activity were the individual elements composing the mass. This, if I may say so with due reserve, was the best part of the race, both considered as rowing and as a spectacle, and was a sight which any one seeing it would have wished should last longer. But at the utmost seventeen or eighteen minutes could be the term of its existence.

About as the mile-and-a-quarter flag was reached by the foremost contestants, we suddenly saw a dash of spray fling itself up between the Yale boat and the Harvard, and all of a sudden the Harvard crew stopped rowing. This delay seemed to me to last while the boat might have been taking three strokes—a period, as I guess, of about five seconds. Some might contend that the delay lasted no longer than the time required for two strokes. However that may be, the cause of it, such as it was, long or short, is alleged to have been the misconduct or the misfortune of the Yale captain in causing a collision of oars which locked oar-blades, or in some other way for a moment or two prevented pulling. As I understand it, this collision is one of the two passages of arms between these crews upon which Captain Goodwin of the Cambridge boat based the claim of a foul. As for the mention of a possible misfortune's having brought about the trouble, it is not the Harvard complainants who put the matter so mildly as that. They assert wantonness of misconduct; and so in turn do their antagonists.

But to leave that matter until later. Before Harvard was under way again the three boats of which she had thus far been a consort had drawn entirely clear of her, and she now began rowing hard to regain her place. While she was thus employed her immediate rival, which had kept on without stopping, and was rowing strongly, was working for the lead, and, as was afterwards stated, this she succeeded in getting; for at the mile-and-a-half flag Yale was reported by the signal-man as being first, with Columbia in the second place. This was not a lead with clear water between the boats, but a forcing of the bow of the one boat ahead of that of the other—if indeed the report of the signal-men be trustworthy, which there is reason to doubt; for the signal-man at the finish—the most important place—was unfit for his task, and I trust none of them. Harvard was at this time spurling, the stroke being nearly, if not quite, thirty-seven to the minute; and, so far as we could make out from where we were, she had in a brief time made good her old place, that is to say, so far as getting back into the society of Columbia, Wesleyan, and Yale; the positions of the crews relatively to each other I could not tell, except that the Columbias seemed to be doing well at the front, and to be assuredly rowing a three-mile race and not the two-mile race which some had been predicting for them. But hardly had the Harvard boat made her reappearance when we observed much more of a splashing of spray than had occurred before, a longer stop, an evident hasty

wrangle, and then Harvard went on again, going at a great pace—I do not know how fast, but I should think about as fast as she went a little later when, as she was nearing the Grand Stand, I counted her at forty and a fraction to the minute. In fact, if I am not mistaken, a rough but sufficiently accurate description of the last half of the race, so far as concerns this crew, would be that the men were called on for pretty steady spurling, with the expectation of making up some of their lost ground, and with the hope or half-hope of overhauling Wesleyan and perhaps Columbia. As for Yale, after the second clash had come she did not attempt to go on, but stopped racing for good and all. The reason was by-and-by apparent, for she paddled in to the judges' boat with a demolished rudder and an oar broken off close beside the rowlock-leather. Arriving, Captain Cook preferred a claim of foul against Harvard, and Harvard preferred hers against Yale. Thus was one of these fine crews wholly out of the race while as yet the contest was only half over and everything might still be gained; and the other was to a serious extent impeded in its efforts for victory.

To decide which of them was most in fault would be next to impossible were one to give ear to every story that has been excitedly told by them selves or their respective friends, both orally and in print. In fact, one or two of the stories which have been told with deliberation, and which might easily be taken for true by many people, are nevertheless such as at once arouse an incredulity which will hardly vanish no matter how directly and circumstantially attacked. Thus it is averred that one of the antagonistic captains felt compelled, some days before the race, to notify the authorities that he had been informed of the other captain's open assertion that if his crew did not win, the rival crew at all events should not. But are we in reason to believe this? A captain may be less polished, and more violently in earnest in his racing, and more profane in his anger, than is consistent with decorum or with the breeding of a gentlemanly person; but to believe him so foolishly imprudent as this is not easy. It is, on the whole, best to leave the comments on the affair to the referee, though it is proper, too, to say that clearly the old feeling of rivalry between Harvard and Yale, and of something harsher than rivalry, has this year seemed to be intensified, and that an outbreak of it came very readily. Neither party was at any time careful to conceal its dislike of the other; but Yale had the ill-luck to give to hers a far freer, noisier, and also more quotable expression, and she has suffered accordingly. The language which the referee has used in regard to the case is as follows:

"Both crews had shown a bad spirit in the race; had either had a disposition to give way, there would have been no accident. His own careful observation showed Yale to be the more blamable of the two. The disposition of Yale to encroach upon Harvard was shown early in the race. At seven-eighths of a mile out, the latter was leading and keeping to her course pretty well. Yale coming on behind appeared as if she meant to cross Harvard's course and take a position to the west of her, but suddenly the Yale boat was turned with a sharp sheer to the westward, and it narrowly missed Harvard's rudder. It really appeared as if Yale had tried to carry away the rudder but had missed it. It had that look. The final accident or collision took place about the mile-and-a-half point."

And so forth, and so forth—all a bad business. It did not end on the water. On land there was much crimination and recrimination, much swearing; and in one instance, if I am not misinformed, a challenge to fight. It is this and similar things which are referred to in the brief but pointed correspondence between the two captains which occurred early in the afternoon, and in which Yale offered to row Harvard again over the same course, and Captain Goodwin, "in view of the conduct of the Yale University crew, not only during the race just completed but also at its conclusion, declines to entertain any challenge whatever from the Yale University crew."

Much pleasanter scenes were going on in the town, or village, as they call this very pretty, wide-streeted, well-fountained town, abounding in trees and in spacious hotels. The students were in full possession, and were marching up and down with music, leading their columns through the hotel offices amid inexhaustible hurrahs from their own throats and the waving of handkerchiefs and college colors by the ladies. Columbia—which by the bye cheers itself in an ingenious manner by spelling out the letters of its name in a very staccato fashion—fraternized with the Cambridge men, who waved magenta flags beside the light-blue-and-white, while Yale and Wesleyan paraded together with nearly equal noise, but with rather less spirit. One of the agreeable incidents of this celebration was the arrival of one of the winning crew at Congress Hall. He was in a triumphal wagon—one of the earliest vehicles in from the lake—which, like old Van Tromp's or De Ruyter's flag-ship, bore a broom as an emblem that a clean sweep had been made by the blue-and-white. As he got down, his fellow-students shouldered him and ran him with great shouting up the hotel steps, at the top of which, as I was told, were his father and mother in much delight.

In many ways the regatta was a great success. The members of the committees were attentive, kind, and much more than usually efficient. The

course is an admirable one in several respects, though it seems probable that the delegation of townsmen—at whose head by the bye was a fluent real-estate agent—were somewhat too loud and too absolute in their protestations to the College Rowing Association about the smoothness of the course. Yet there seems little doubt that the wind, which as it happened was allowed to delay the race two days, need not have been allowed to delay it more than one day, if so long. The true plan would seem to be to set an early hour in the morning, irrespective of the late breakfasts of hotel guests, and then leave it in the referee's power to order the race when the water may be fit. This secures the whole day for leeway, and appears far preferable to fixing a hard and fast line at five or six o'clock for a race on a lake said to be liable to afternoon winds. If this difficulty can be got over, the other disadvantages of Saratoga are more than balanced by the advantages—the healthy air; the great hotels capable of receiving vast and sudden crowds; the width and straightness of a course capable of accommodating nine crews abreast, or twice nine even. Some certainty about the winds and some better means of getting out to the lake shore are the great desiderata, and careful observations should do a good deal towards giving us the one, and the Saratoga and Rensselaer Railway Company may perhaps some time see fit to give us the other.

Notes.

TWO Arctic navigators appear as authors in the Harpers' list of forthcoming publications: Captain Tyson in 'Arctic Adventures,' including those of the *Polaris*; and Captain W. M. Davis in 'The Nimrod of the Sea; or, The American Whaleman.'—Butler's 'Wild North Land' will be reprinted by Porter & Coates.—The Appletons are to publish by subscription Schenck's 'Life and Public Services of S. P. Chase' (authorized).

—J. R. Osgood & Co.'s 'Middle States: a Hand-book for Travellers' is the most notable of the guide-books of the present season. It is, like their 'New England Guide,' patterned after Baedeker, and has all the many excellences of the former work. The ground covered from north to south embraces Canada as far as Montreal, and part of Northern Virginia. Foreign visitors to this country will find pretty much all that is worth seeing set down in this hand-book, with clearness and sufficient detail, and, in certain particulars, with something of the self-satisfaction with which Dr. von Holst reproaches the Americans with viewing themselves and their productions. This genial trait is perhaps carried as far as it is safe to carry it in the compiler's remark, that "the heating and ventilating arrangements of the House and Senate [at Washington] are worthy of notice." There is a plentiful number of maps and plans, and the historical and descriptive notes are entertainingly written. Deserving of praise also is Mrs. Clara Barnes Martin's unpretentious 'Guide-book to Mount Desert' (Portland: Loring, Short & Harmon). The style of this writer is much above that of the ordinary *cicerone*, and her observations of natural scenery are tasteful and well expressed. For example, in speaking of one of the most striking formations on the island, she says:

"The 'Ovens' have been renamed variously the 'Cloisters,' the 'Via Mala,' the 'Cathedral,' etc.; but if one must have an architectural simile, they are really more like the bold arches with zigzag mouldings in the depths of which the old Romanesque builders placed their doorways. . . . It is worth while to suggest that the shadows from the west increase the effect both of height and depth."

With a view to making this book a souvenir as well as a guide, the publishers have embellished it with five very delicate photographic vignettes. There are also two good maps, from Coast-Survey data; but we miss a third showing the entire shape of the island and its position with regard to the coast of Maine. The pocket volume published by Estes & Lauriat, 'Our Vacations: Where to go, how to go, and how to enjoy them,' by Frank E. Clark, is addressed principally to the Bostonian, though New Englanders generally and New Yorkers may profit by its suggestions, with only a slight variation from its very moderate estimates of the cost of travel. Three routes are described—to the White Mountains, to Upper and Lower Canada, and to the Provinces; and the "great middle class" whom Mr. Clark aims to serve will find his account of the places visited truthful and trustworthy. His estimates speak for themselves.

—The question of how a community shall select a good work of art to be set up for public adornment and use has always been a difficult one, and has never yet, so far as we have heard, been settled. Princes and magnates of taste or of magnificence have patronized artists whose capacity they appreciated, or in whom they for one reason and another believed as men of talents or genius; and this good understanding and patronage have had noble effects. But when once this personal relation (so to call it) between artist

and patron fails, it appears to be very difficult so to arrange matters that any community taken at large shall be able to lay its hands upon the right man to produce for it at a given moment its public works of art. This at all events is true of our American communities, and the fact has long been confessed, the only difficulty being that the portion of the community which makes the confession is small in number and comparatively blameless, while the major portion makes no confession at all and goes on in its sins without remorse. Mr. Sumner, who had a taste for art—the taste, perhaps, of a collector rather than of a person endowed with true taste—plainly told the Senate, when Miss Vinnie Ream wanted a commission to make a statue of Lincoln, that senators might as well place Miss Ream on the staff of General Grant; or put General Grant aside and set her on horseback instead. "She cannot do it," he said, "she might as well contract to furnish an epic poem or the draft of a bankrupt bill." But many of the senators represented constituencies such as the Western one which a year ago was admiring a fancy bust sculptured in lard or butter by a lady who exhibited it at a State fair. It was beautifully done, according to the accounts. Others were from a part of the Union where, some years since, a young artist, Mr. L. G. Mead, did a statue or statues in snow, to the admiration of all beholders. And the question as to skilful hands like these and many more (which actually can make a figure exactly like a human figure, and one which actually looks like So-and-so) whether, that is, they have behind them any of the qualities which make of a man an artist as distinguished from a practitioner of elegant stone-cutting and a statue-maker for "M. or N.," as the catechism says, is a question which few if any legislators, and few other persons, ask themselves. Indeed, there is no reason why they should. They do not know that the question exists. Mr. Sumner spoke in vain, and Miss Ream got her commission, and her Lincoln is now among the monuments of the Capital. It is understood that the same woman has succeeded in getting the commission for the colossal Farragut statue, and this although her design was rejected by the proper Congressional committee; she afterwards secured her contract by the vote of a board of commissioners, of whom a majority were committed in advance to vote for Miss Ream.

—How commissions for public works of art shall be given out is made the subject of a letter from Mr. Richard S. Greenough to the Boston *Advertiser*, and it contains suggestions worth pondering. One especially has so much obvious common sense in it, and is so likely to be disregarded, that particular attention should be called to it: At the end of his communication, Mr. Greenough says that he wishes to declare his belief that statues should rarely be erected to an individual within fifty years of his decease. There will, of course, be exceptions to this rule, but we imagine they would be of rarer occurrence than might be supposed. And it should be remembered that the modern public statue, as we in this country know it, is in every case a tribute to men who have in one way and another actively served the state. There was no reason why an Antinous should not be commemorated in marble on the day of his death, nor why any Serene Highness who, by ruling over his principality, had *ex officio* a right to a monument perennial in its bronze, should not have his effigies at once set up in the town square. But with us it is different, and time should be allowed the devil's advocate to show the needlessness of statues to General Worths and Stephen A. Douglasses and Elias Howes. Mr. Greenough's other suggestions stated briefly are these: To begin with, the excellence of a work of art may be referred to several qualities, as, first, Design; second, Composition; third, Execution; fourth, Material. Absence of excellence in any one of these qualities may unfit a work for public usefulness. As regards works in sculpture, their merit in respect of the first three qualities may be secured by reference to study-models, and, in respect of the fourth, material may be secured by contract. As to conferring public commissions, there are two methods of doing so—first, by direct commission; second, by competition. For the first, time is not as yet ripe; for the second, artists dislike it as hitherto employed, but improvement may be possible. Mr. Greenough would have the commissioners send a special invitation to certain artists of reputation, and the designs thus secured he would have paid for at a fixed and sufficient rate, the honor of the solicitation counting for something. At the same time, a public notice should be given inviting all artists whatsoever to compete at their own expense and risk, and this invitation should not bar out foreign artists. We do not know if the first and special invitation is to be sent to our American artists to the exclusion of foreigners. The designs being all in, the commission should vote on them, and then its functions, so far as design goes, should cease. Next, artists of a certain grade should be allowed to vote, the qualification for casting an artist's vote being a thing to be determined by the commissioners. These two ballots being recorded, the public might be called in and vote without distinction of sex, but with this distinction of age: If the statue is for a city, the voter should

be above the age of twenty-five; if for a State, above thirty-five; and if for the country at large, forty-five. It will be seen that a trial in practice would have important bearings on this theory, as indeed Mr. Greenough himself remarks.

—Persons friendly to the better education of women will be interested in hearing about such measure of success as now, in the day of small things, has attended the Harvard Examinations for Women. The examiners have not made their report, and we must as yet admit it to be within the possibilities that they may report unfavorably; but it is not within the probabilities, and the promoters of the movement speak of it with a hopeful satisfaction. They announce that the number of candidates for examination was eleven; but of these one was too young, being less than seventeen years old; three others "were prevented by circumstances beyond their control from carrying out their purpose"; and the number actually present was seven. It should be remembered that the notice had been out barely a year, so that the number of candidates is said to have been a surprise to the friends of the enterprise, especially when it was considered that both the age and work required of candidates made it probable that for the first year the candidates must come from persons employed in teaching and having at their disposal but little time for study. While awaiting the examiners' report, the committee of the Boston Education Society allows itself some inferences in good part drawn from its wide correspondence. In the first place, the committee thinks that while the applicants this year were but seven, the number preparing themselves for two and three years hence is not less than seventy. Secondly, it is evident to the committee that the desire for a definite plan of study at which to work has not been overrated. Thirdly, it seems to be quite possible, even for teachers in charge of primary schools containing fifty or sixty pupils, to find time for work in the line of the examination papers. And surely, we may say in passing, such students deserve success and sympathy. Judging by the committee's communication to the public, it is to a very great extent from the various classes of teachers that they have drawn, and that they expect in future to draw their recruits. They say: "Some plan must be devised by which study can be carried on parallel with work, and the result made of value in obtaining higher positions and more pay." And, again, for the teacher constantly comes to view: "We, here in the United States, must employ women as teachers in numbers and proportions wholly unknown anywhere else, and while they remain in the work not more than five years on the average—the average for Massachusetts; in other States it is less—it is hopeless to talk of training them as men are trained for life-work." Then follows the remark quoted above, about the need of a plan for enabling school teachers to carry on work in school side by side with work done for the examiners. We hope these latter, in making their report, may give us some information as to the relative numbers of teachers and of young ladies without occupation who presented themselves at the examination, and also as to English experience in this respect. The committee close by reminding the public that "the examinations are by no means limited to Boston and its vicinity. The university is ready to do its part of furnishing papers, examiners, and certificates wherever an association will take in hand the rest of the work." For information and for specimen papers and so forth, application may be made to Mrs. C. G. Loring, No. 1 Mt. Vernon Place. The specimen papers and the pamphlet containing lists of books are forwarded for the nominal price of twenty-five cents.

—The London *Spectator* is a journal of such ability and such goodness that not to accord it respect is impossible; but once in so often it suffers from hysteria, and in its fits it not only enunciates strange ideas, which it insists upon in a hectic way, but it discovers also facts of a character to be called paroxysmal. In its last number it informs its readers that General Grant in his candidacy for the Presidential chair lost hardly a vote in spite of the strong suspicion that he is a Roman Catholic. The *Spectator*, with its interest in American affairs and its frequently wise conclusions about them, intermixed with its frequent errors, should give up one department of its omniscience and take counsel now and then with some terrene American creature resident in London.

—Gen. Schenck's customary announcement in the London *Times* that he would be glad to meet his countrymen on the Fourth of July excited in the breast of one American resident at least feelings the very opposite of those intended. "To be notified," he writes us hotly on that date, "that we are expected to come and congratulate Gen. Schenck on an official relation that is a public and national humiliation, is a renewal of mortification to which I for one will not submit tamely. There is an additional reason for sensitiveness to Gen. Schenck's disgrace in the shamefaced festivities connected with the opening of Leicester Square (the gift of Albert Grant, the General's con-

federate in the Emma-Mine swindle), to which I was two days ago a chance witness. As everybody in America knows, doubtless, this Grant made enormous sums of money in Emma-Mine and other stock-swindling operations, and, in order to buy a patent of respectability, purchased and has made a present to the public of the shabbily-kept Leicester Square, changed to a public garden. The festivities reminded me very much of one of Gen. Schenck's receptions. There were many flags, amongst which (as was appropriate) the American was conspicuous; there was a band, and a great effort to appear respectable and select, but of unofficial English respectability nothing to speak of. Meanwhile, in another part of London, a procession was making the rounds with huge placards announcing that Albert Grant, having swindled the English public out of £4,000,000, had returned a trifling per cent. of it in the purchase of Leicester Square; and then other placards gave the names of the stock operations by which Grant had made himself a millionaire; amongst these the Emma was chief. Naturally, the newspapers congratulate the generous donor, as the proper officials did at the presentation, and the rabble of Leicester Square cheered him as he drove off, but respectability still holds aloof, and he has not fared much otherwise than as Gen. Schenck. Comment is satirical and incredulous. I happened that day to dine out with Englishmen, amongst whom at table the day's celebration was subject of conversation, and connected therewith the Emma and its associations, and I heard for the first time (so remote am I from stock conversations) that Gen. Grant is, in England, believed to have made a large sum by the Emma swindle, and therefore retains Schenck in the post he soiled! That the Minister has been for a long time the object of contempt to respectable Englishmen I have always known. Is it any wonder that I am disposed to keep my Fourth of July in the private and silence of my own household, with a sense of shame and irritation quite inconsistent with my presenting myself at the Legation?" Albert Grant, we will add, is the English equivalent of Jay Gould, and is believed to have been the conceiver and executor of the happy stroke by which Schenck's name was secured for the Emma directory.

—The death of Fritz Reuter is a real loss to German literature; his reputation as a novelist is widespread, and although in this country more are familiar with his name than with his writings in the original form, there are many who know the simple charm of 'The Year '13,' and will be ready to lament his death. He was born, November 7, 1810, at Stavenhagen, a small town in Mecklenburg-Schwerin; he studied at Rostock and at Jena, or rather he was connected with that university, but his father having refused to let him cultivate his taste for painting he was averse to devoting much of his time to his books. The German students at that time were thinking of nothing but the possible grandeur of their country, when the Government began its persecution of would-be reformers. Reuter was arrested after the outbreak at Frankfort and condemned to death, but the king commuted his sentence to thirty years' imprisonment, and it was not for seven years, until the death of King Frederick William III., in 1840, that Reuter was set free. An account of his imprisonment is to be found in one of his best works, 'Ut mine Festungstid.' The next ten years of his life he passed in restless endeavors to make up for the time he had lost and secure a position in life. He tried in vain studying, painting, and farming. In 1850, he became a teacher in Treptow, being tempted by the meagre salary, on which he married. It was not until 1853 that he began to write. From that date his books appeared rapidly. They have already appeared in an American edition, published by Steiger, of this city, in seven volumes. The unfamiliar appearance of the "Platt-deutsch" is likely to deter many readers familiar with High-German, but who only need two or three hours' practice to read the other. They will find in his stories real humor, much pathos, some charming scenes, and a freshness and vividness that manage to escape most of his translators. He was an ill hand at the careful construction of a story, but he knew how to draw lifelike characters, and, what is more, to make the reader pleased with them.

—The announcement of the first volume of W. Chappell's 'History of Music' reminds us to call the attention of students of Greek music and Greek authors to a letter sent to *Dwight's Journal of Music* for May 30, by A. W. Thayer, from Trieste. The letter relates to Paul Marquard and his edition of the Greek writers on music. Studemund, the editor of Gaius, and the transcriber of the palimpsest of Plautus in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, had projected a similar undertaking, but gave his collection and co-operation to Marquard when the latter commenced his work. All the extant writers were to be included in this series, the Greek text to be accompanied by a German translation and notes. Dr. Deiters, one of the collaborators, was at work upon Aristides Quintilianus, and had this author nearly ready for the press, when the work was interrupted in December, 1872, by Marquard's death at the age of 33. The work upon which Marquard had concentrated his studies was the 'Harmonic Fragments of Aris-

toxiens,' and he had brought out an edition of this author through Weidmann of Berlin in 1863. The interrupted series was to be published by Teubner of Leipzig, and in this Marquard's book was to have appeared in a second edition. It is now very uncertain whether the work will be continued, with, perhaps, Stademund as chief-editor. Mr. Thayer's letter is interesting for its story of Marquard and its mention of the difficulties and characteristics of his undertaking.

—Another work on names (see the *Nation*, No. 469) is Karl Gustaf Andresen's 'Die altdutschen Personennamen in ihrer Entwicklung und Erscheinung als heutige Geschlechtsnamen' (Mainz, 1873). An earlier essay on names by Andresen, to which he refers in this pamphlet, was published in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift für vergleichende Sprachforschung*, N. F., Vol. I., pp. 465 ff.; and another, very brief, in the *Jahrbücher für Philologie*, 1863 (2), 'Ueber eine Art zusammengesetzter Familiennamen.' His method in the present pamphlet is, after about twenty pages of introduction, to arrange under a number of root-names, for which he does not claim exhaustiveness, their modern derivatives, giving a large place among these derivatives to diminutives and contractions expressive for the most part of familiarity and endearment. He mentions, as especially important authorities in treating these latter forms, Franz Stark's 'Die Kosenamen der Germanen' (Wien, 1868), and K. Strackerjan's 'Die jeveländischen Personennamen' (Jever, 1864). A number of other German authorities on names are referred to in his book, and some of them—the Programms, for instance—are not apt to find their way into the commoner catalogues. A comparison with Miss Yonge's 'History of Christian Names,' which goes over a good deal of ground in common with Andresen, shows some differences between the two authors. Miss Yonge tells us that "Behr and Behring are surnames for the bear in Germany, and the last very appropriately named Behring's Straits." Neither of these names appears in Andresen under Ber, Bär. But while Miss Yonge says truly that Behr is a German surname, the discoverer of the Straits was a Dane. Gustav, Miss Yonge says, means either the divine staff or the staff of the Goths. Andresen puts Gustav under 'Gund, Krieg,' after a "plausible conjecture by J. Grimm," and speaks of the word as analogous with Gundastap and Kriegesstab. We doubt whether in this case this kind of analogy is decisive. The reference to 'God, Gott' seems to us, in view of well-known Hebrew compounds, to be as plausible a conjecture as Grimm's, and we are disposed, considering the feebleness of vowels in the history of the changes of words, to question whether Gustav and perhaps other surnames with first syllable in Gu should not be included under this head.

—The sixth annual meeting of the American Philological Association was held at Hartford last week (July 14-17). It was one of the largest and most successful meetings of the series, especially noticeable for the number of new members (about forty) and for the general excellence of the papers presented. It is, we think, the first meeting which has not been seriously annoyed and interrupted by wild and unsubstantial theories. The address of the President, Prof. March, delivered on the evening of July 14, was marked by a peculiar grace and humor, and was in the main devoted to a discussion of the future work of philology. It is significant that, like other eminent philologists (as Prof. Whitney, a few years ago in our columns), he takes decided ground in favor of a reform in English spelling. Of the papers read, the most important were two by Prof. Whitney upon the elements of speech; Prof. Short's, upon the Latin of the Vulgate; and two upon Indian philology by Dr. Trumbull. The most animated discussions were called out by papers upon the Greek subjunctive (that never-failing theme) by Prof. Sewall of Bowdoin, and upon the formation of the Latin perfect by Prof. Harkness of Boston. The citizens of Hartford received the Association with great hospitality, and did everything in their power to make the occasion an agreeable one. The next meeting is appointed for Newport. The new president is Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull of Hartford, one of the members to whom the success of the Association is largely due.

FROUDE'S ENGLISH IN IRELAND.*

I.

MR. FROUDE has good gifts. Remarkable literary power, a vivid imagination, skill in discovering and industry in exploring new fields of information, go far to qualify him for historical investigations. Some knowledge of Ireland, a keen eye for the dramatic side of annals filled with tragic incidents, freedom from prejudices which hamper most Englishmen in dealing with the history of a people unlike their own, seem to mark him out for the historian of Ireland. In spite of these, Mr. Froude has failed in the performance of his self-imposed task. His so-called history turns out a political pamphlet, written by an advocate who can hardly even affect judicial

impartiality. His apology for the rule of the English in Ireland condemns those whom it is meant to defend, and his political teaching is certain to irritate and insult the Liberals and Catholics whom it is meant to instruct. Calm and sagacious students may learn important lessons from Mr. Froude's pages, though hardly the lessons which he means to enforce. But most readers will refuse to learn from an instructor who exhibits in every line of his work that curious perversity of judgment and want of a sense of justice which more than counterbalance the literary merits of Mr. Froude's writings.

To criticise, within the limits of an article, the spirit of a long book is always a task of difficulty. A critic cannot, for example, within the space at our disposal, examine Mr. Froude's eccentric eulogy of George III., who is treated as "a genius" because he wrote or signed a letter filled with good sentiments which he never attempted to put into practice. It is impossible to enumerate or even give instances of the insulting expressions applied by Mr. Froude to the Irish people and to every leader whom the Irish people have honored. It is impossible to weigh the value or the worthlessness of statements based on letters (many of them from informers) which are not accessible to the general public. It is, in fact, necessary in most cases to assume that Mr. Froude has drawn correct inferences of fact from the evidence before him, though this assumption must be made with fear and trembling by any one who remembers our author's implicit faith in preambles to statutes, or who notices the obliquity of moral view displayed in the statement that "if the Irish Catholics were not guilty in 1641 their estates ought to be restored to the nation from which they were violently taken"—an assertion which virtually amounts to making the tenure of land in Ireland depend for its moral justification on the hypothetical accuracy of Mr. Froude's version of the events of 1641.

The fairest mode of justifying the assertion that Mr. Froude lacks a sense of justice is to direct attention to one or two cases in which this deficiency becomes markedly apparent. Take as a first instance his account of the death of Sheehy. Of the whole matter we know nothing except the facts which Mr. Froude himself narrates, having told the "story at some length on account of the prominence given to it by Irish historians." Father Sheehy was the centre of a Whiteboy conspiracy, and the instigator or abettor of a system of terrorism kept up by assassination. Supposing Sheehy's guilt to be now conclusively brought home to him, he indubitably was "as deep a criminal as ever swung from cross-beam"; but he none the less undoubtedly was, on Mr. Froude's own version of the facts, judicially murdered. He was by a breach of faith entrapped into surrendering to take his trial. This, however, is a trifle compared to what took place at the trial itself. The transaction is thus narrated by Mr. Froude: "The body of Bridges had not been found. Witnesses came forward to swear that he had left the country. It was proved, however, that there had been a conspiracy to murder him. A Mr. Keating, described as a gentleman of property in the county, offered to prove that Father Nicholas [Sheehy] was at his house on the night when the murder was committed, but Mr. Hewetson, a clergyman and an active magistrate, rose in court and said that he had a charge against Keating for having been present at the killing of the soldiers. Keating's evidence was refused, and he was committed to the jail at Kilkenny. The Sheehies were found guilty, and were both hanged." In other words, Sheehy was convicted by the simple process of refusing to hear evidence in his favor. Of the proceeding itself it is unnecessary to say anything. The man may have been a double-dyed villain, but he was murdered. Now for Mr. Froude's comment: "It was an extreme measure: the breach of faith in returning him to Tipperary; the military occupation of the town; the non-discovery of the body, led to an impression, even with moderate persons, that he had been unfairly dealt with." The "impression" is one which will be shared by every one acquainted with the nature either of law or of justice. Mr. Froude, however, asserts that "the Government was essentially right," and appears not to perceive that no subsequent proof of Sheehy's guilt can wipe out the more heinous guilt of his sham trial.

Turn now to a case in which Mr. Froude deals with the treatment not of a man but of a class. If there be one course of procedure which is more opposed than another, not only to common humanity and to the most ordinary sense of justice, but also to the narrow and not always humane rules of English law, it is the use of torture to extort confession. This abuse has never at the darkest periods of English history been countenanced by the law. It has for centuries been in England, at least, absolutely unknown. But the Orangemen of 1795, knowing nothing of justice and having no reason to fear the law, established a system of torture. Picketing, pitch-cups, the lash were the weapons by which they extorted confessions, true or false, from suspected rebels. That men maddened at once by the insolence of domination and by the fear of massacre should act with brutal cruelty, can surprise no one who remembers English feeling during the Indian mutiny. That Lord Clare should defend horrors which shocked trained

* 'The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century. By J. A. Froude, M.A.' Vols. II. and III. London: Longmans & Co.; New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

soldiers sent to put down rebellion, causes little surprise to any one who has studied his lordship's career, even in the pages of his admirer. But it is allowable to feel something more than surprise at the language in which an historian, in the calmness of his study, writes of crimes which have earned for the party by whom they were committed a hatred which the lapse of more than half a century has not appeased.

"The United Irishmen had affected the fashion of short hair. The loyalists called them Croppies, and if a Croppy prisoner stood silent when it was certain that he could confess with effect, paper or linen caps smeared with pitch were forced upon his head to bring him to his senses. Such things ought not to have been, and such things would not have been had General Clare been supplied with English troops; but assassins will not always be delicately handled by those whose lives they have threatened." Mr. Froude further adds, that "occasionally, not often, men suffered who were innocent so far as no definite guilt could be proved against them," and concludes a passage too long for entire quotation with this reflection: "Society demands the active aid of all its members to prevent or discover crimes; and men who leave these duties unfulfilled are confounded naturally with the actively guilty, when society thus falls in pieces and military severity is compulsorily substituted for law." These sentences do not require comment, though it may be well to explain (which Mr. Froude, as far as we have remarked, never does) that the "pitch" used by his loyalists was hot pitch. Our readers will without our aid perceive that to confound the innocent with the guilty is the natural result of a system of torture, and is to ordinary minds the height of injustice, and will find no difficulty in distinguishing between the use of the lash and the pitch-cap and what Mr. Froude confounds with it, "military severity." That he and his admirers would probably make light of the distinction, may be admitted; it is exactly this inability to distinguish outrage from severity which shows their want of a sense of justice.

Take as a last example of our historian's spirit his account of one of those cases in which "occasionally men suffered who were innocent":

"This gentleman [Mr. Fitzgerald] did by decisive measures effectually break the insurgent organization in Tipperary, so that when the rebellion came the most dangerous county in Ireland lay motionless. They were not gentle measures. He used the whip freely, and he made one mistake which was not forgotten. A man named Wright, at Clonmel, was suspected of connection with the United Irishmen. The suspicion in all likelihood was well founded. On searching him a letter was found in his pocket in French. Fitzgerald did not understand the language, but his mind, like that of any one else, was full of the expected French invasion. The letter, though utterly innocent, was treated as an evidence of guilt, and Wright was severely flogged. He prosecuted the High Sheriff afterwards, and recovered £500 as damages."

"Fitzgerald has been rewarded with a black name in Irish legend, and with the scorn of foolish historians; he was rewarded also by the knowledge that by his general nerve and bravery he had probably saved at least ten thousand lives, and the English Government, though generally too proud to remember good service in Ireland, yet so far acknowledged Fitzgerald's merits that they paid his fine and created him a baronet."

Turn now from Mr. Froude's pages to the 'State Trials,'* which throw a good deal of additional light on Fitzgerald's character and services. His conduct to Wright reads like that of a maniac. Wright came himself to his render. The sheriff addressed him in these words: "Fall on your knees and receive your sentence, for you are a rebel and have been a principal in the rebellion. You are to receive five hundred lashes and then be shot." The trial which Wright demanded was refused him. When Wright was brought to the ladder Fitzgerald pulled off his hat, stamped on it, dragged him by the hair, struck him with his sword, and kicked him. A hundred lashes were actually inflicted, and if the victim escaped being hanged or shot he apparently owed his life to the scruples of an officer who had greater respect for the law than had the sheriff. Wright, Mr. Froude will urge, was probably guilty. A jury presided over by two Protestant judges thought otherwise. Fitzgerald, he insinuates, was a relative of the murdered Uniackes. Of the truth of this assertion neither the trial nor the subsequent debate in the Irish Parliament affords the least proof. Fitzgerald's friends were, as the event proved, willing enough to protect him; but they felt that his conduct needed palliation, and would, it may be conjectured, have gladly brought forward any circumstance which might provide some apology for a course of action which even Orangemen of 1799 felt required to be excused. The important fact, however, is that Fitzgerald's assault on Wright was not a solitary outrage. He entered on his office determined to wring out information of treason by means of the lash. The following description of his conduct is given in the *Edinburgh Review*, on the authority of Sir John Moore: "[Moore] entered the town of Clogheen, where in the street he saw a man tied up and under the lash, while the street itself was lined

with country people on their knees, with their hats off. He was informed that the High Sheriff, Mr. Fitzgerald, was making great discoveries, and that he had already flogged the truth out of many respectable persons." His rule was, "to flog each person till he told the truth"—that is, until he confessed himself "a rebel and gave the names of other rebels, and then the persons so accused were sent for and flogged until they also confessed, and also swelled the list of the proscribed!"

There were even in 1799 members of the Irish Parliament who told of at least one case in which the attempt to "flog out" truth ended in flogging out falsehood, and who denounced Fitzgerald's system of legal investigation. He stands, however, condemned rather by the conduct of his friends than the assertions of his enemies. His offences had exceeded the limits of a wide act of indemnity. He was threatened with endless actions, brought by persons whom he had injured or insulted. Judges and juries alike were against him. The law would have crushed him, but a Protestant Parliament passed a special act to protect him from the law. In the 'State Trials' is to be found the following note: "Mr. Fitzgerald afterwards received a considerable pension for his active services in quelling the rebellion; he was also created a baronet of the United Kingdom." If this statement be correct, the English Government can hardly be charged with ingratitude for his good service, and Mr. Fitzgerald obtained a more solid reward than the consciousness of that kind of "nerve and bravery" which is shown in flogging helpless wretches till they tell any lie which pleases their tormentors. There may be those who regret that the English Government was not "too proud" to remember good services which deserve nothing but punishment, and there must be some among Mr. Froude's admirers who marvel that a man who, except when he has pen in hand, is no doubt as humane as any other English gentleman, should think it his duty to exculpate a ruffian whom "history has been," most righteously, "pleased to gibbet for his share" in "transactions" which will generally excite the condemnation of all who detest injustice.

PIKE'S HISTORY OF CRIME IN ENGLAND.*

ADMIRABLE as it is in some respects, this book is yet a disappointment. The author has been fortunate in his choice of a subject. He has spared no labor in gathering his materials from all authentic sources, published and unpublished, and in these days of book-making he deserves unstinted praise for the rigorous honesty with which he confines himself to original investigation from contemporary authorities, and avoids the short and easy method of compilation from other men's researches. He has thus amassed a large amount of curious information, much of it now for the first time in print, and nearly all of the highest importance, as shedding fresh light upon the institutions, the history, and the social condition of England from the time of the Romans to the accession of the Tudors. To all future students of English history the book will be indispensable, and it would leave little to be desired if the author had illustrated his subject from a somewhat wider range of reading, and had possessed the ability to marshal his facts to the best advantage. As it is, the work is rather the materials for a history than a history. It is a mine from which succeeding writers will draw abundantly and safely, for it has the impress of the conscientious student who takes nothing for granted, and who states no fact without solid proof; but unfortunately it lacks the logical arrangement by which its mass of information would form a continuous story of the progress of human development in England, and for the most part we miss the illustrations from the jurisprudence of other races which would lend fresh interest and a clearer understanding to many subjects of which the author gives but a limited and imperfect view.

Thus, scattered throughout the volume are ample materials for tracing the rise of the jury system from its rude beginnings in compurgation, through the time in which jurors were witnesses as well as judges; but the author leaves the reader to pick these out and co-ordinate them for himself. So, too, this very subject of compurgation, or the wager of law, is treated as though it were an institution peculiar to England, and the vast amount of instructive illustration which it might receive from the canon law and contemporary customs throughout Europe is utterly neglected, no reference even being made to the "raith" of the Welsh codes. In fact, though Mr. Pike laboriously presents the evidence deducible from Tacitus and Caesar to show the institutions which the Saxons imported into England, he seems to think it altogether unnecessary to follow up the sources thus indicated, and trace the influence which undoubtedly was exercised upon English customs by the Continental races, and especially by the Normans. No one, indeed, can properly understand the sources of the English common law without careful

* 'A History of Crime in England, illustrating the Changes of the Laws in the Progress of Civilization. Written from the Public Records, and other Contemporary Evidence. By Luke Owen Pike, M.A., Barrister-at-Law.' Vol. I, from the Roman Invasion to the Accession of Henry VII. 8vo. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1873.

* See 27 Howell's 'State Trials,' p. 759.

study of the coutumier of Normandy, for which the activity of Continental scholars has furnished abundant materials, yet to this Mr. Pike makes not a single reference. He of course is obliged to make use of the code promulgated for England by Canute, and it seems incredible that this should not have directed his attention to the invaluable material contained in the legislation of Scandinavia and Iceland. That curious anomaly of English law, the benefit of clergy, affords to Mr. Pike the subject of reasonable animadversion, yet no one could gather from his pages its origin in the canon law common to all Christendom, or suppose that England only differed from the rest of Europe in adopting the reading test as a proof of "clergy," and in retaining it after other races had succeeded in practically abolishing it. The same narrowness of view has prevented his recognizing and pointing out the profound influence exercised by the revival of the Roman law in breaking down the feudal system. Though this is less apparent in England than in France, and though the English refused to allow the Imperial jurisprudence a formal foothold within the island, nevertheless its principles interpenetrated and largely aided in moulding the common law and modified the relations between the suzerain and his vassals. A similar lack of comprehensiveness is noticeable in the treatment of the commercial development to which the author assigns its proper share in the progress of England. His constant reference to the mercantile shortcomings of English merchants renders it surprising that he should have overlooked the illustrations to be found in the mercantile codes which England did so much to mould into shape—the *Rôles d'Oléron*, the *Laws of Wisby*, and the *Consulat de la Mer*.

It could be wished also that Mr. Pike had given, as he is abundantly able to do from the sources with which he is so familiar, a more detailed and connected statement of the introduction and development of the Eyres or circuits of the king's judges. It has always seemed to us that this was one of the most powerful influences at work in directing the course of English institutions into a channel so different from that adopted by the Continental nations, rendering rational liberty possible so much earlier than among other races. A somewhat similar system, devised by Charlemagne in his *missi dominici*, was the most efficient instrument of civilization throughout his vast and incongruous empire, and speedily disappeared in the first dawn of feudalism. Its reappearance in England and the results which it rendered possible would worthily have occupied the attention of one who has shown his ability to gather together all attainable details of trustworthy information.

Mr. Pike has done himself injustice in the selection of a title. His work is far more than a mere history of crime, for though the evil deeds of our ancestors form the staple of the text, it contains a vast amount of curious and novel information respecting their habits and modes of thought, their customs and social institutions, their pursuits and industries, which affords us a most welcome insight into the inner life of the Middle Ages. Nowhere could we point out a more instructive collection of facts on this subject than the chapter devoted to the condition of England in 1348, on the eve of the plague known as the Black Death. Moreover, despite his lack of constructive ability, Mr. Pike occasionally pauses in his recital to give a striking résumé of the leading characteristics of an epoch. Some of these are very effective, such as his description of British life under the Roman domination (pp. 25-30) and the condition of society in the reign of Henry II. (pp. 140-146). These are too long to quote, but a fair sample of his style may be found in the following from his picture of England in the fifteenth century:

"It mattered, perhaps, little that housewives thought as much of long bows and arrows, of cross-bows and bolts, of pole-axes and armor for the defence of their homes, as of furniture for their bed-chambers or fittings for their malt-houses. It mattered little that a letter could be sent from one part of England to another only by a trusty special messenger or by the uncertain hands of a pilgrim or a chapman travelling to a fair: It mattered little that money could not be safely carried in any way from any country town to London, because the roads or paths were infested by thieves. All this was but the ordinary condition of England in time of peace, as that time was called when there were no greater deeds of arms than riots, routs, and affrays, forcible entries, and murders by great gangs of robbers. It mattered not very much that pestilence infected the towns, as pestilence always infects them during wars, for they were so ill-drained and ill-built that they were rarely free from some kind of plague. But worse evils even than these befell the English people during the Wars of the Roses, if we may believe the petition of the Lords and Commons to Richard, Duke of Gloucester, immediately before he became Richard III., king of England. As usual, a contrast was drawn between the great 'prosperity, honor, and tranquillity' of a past time not definitely fixed and the miseries still fresh in the memories of living men. After that bygone period of happiness, always seen as in a mirage, the rulers of the land, it was declared in Parliament, delighted in adulation, were led astray by sensuality and concupiscentia, and followed the counsel of persons who were insolent, vicious, and inordinately avaricious. Felicity was turned into wretchedness, prosperity into adversity; order and the law of God and of man were confounded.

The kingdom was ruled by terror, justice was put away and despised, and murder, extortion, and oppression took its place. 'No man was sure of his life, his land, or his livelihood, of his wife, of his daughter, or of his servant; every good maiden and woman standing in dread to be ravished and defouled.'

It may be judged from this that Mr. Pike is no *laudator temporis acti*. In fact, one of the defects of his book is the unconscious exaggeration to which his study of the festering sores of the past has led him. This is, perhaps, a natural reaction from the glamour which a certain school of historians, writing with half-knowledge, have thrown around the Ages of Faith; and their romantic rhapsodies can scarcely fail to provoke antagonism on the part of an accurate scholar like Mr. Pike, whose studies have led him to an intimate acquaintance with the weaknesses, the follies, and the vices of those days. Yet none the less is there error in the unredeemed blackness of the pictures which he paints of age after age, from the Saxon invasion to the close of the fifteenth century. In his pages, kings, nobles, prelates, and churls rival each other in shameless iniquity. The most chivalrous knight is a robber, the merchant is a smuggler, the trader is a swindler, the judge is a perverter of justice for bribes, the lawyer a trafficker in the interests of his client, the priest a compound of the sins of all other classes, the woman, whether a lady of high degree or a humble housewife, is a slave who seeks her liberty in turning harlot.

In fact, Mr. Pike appears to be incapable of the generalizations which would render his deductions from the facts which he has collected valuable as a contribution to the history of human development, while the generalization which consists in making sweeping assertions is easy to him. Sometimes this is done without any facts adduced in its support, as when (p. 319) in describing the terrors of the Black Death he says, "There was no knowledge of the laws of health to give courage in meeting the plague, no sincere religion to give comfort in death or bereavement." Sometimes these general statements are based on manifestly insufficient premises, as when (p. 265) some instructions to investigate evasions of the revenue, in 22 Edward III., are expanded into the general denunciation that "the first thought of the exporter was how he could escape payment of the duty; the first thought of the importer, how he could introduce base money from abroad." Five centuries hence it will be easy for any writer who may industriously examine our statute-books and the dockets of our courts to produce ample evidence such as this that the present generation was utterly abandoned to lying and swindling, to crimes of violence, and to all manner of uncleanness; yet we, who are familiar with both sides of the shield, while we deprecate the evil that exists around us, and strive to diminish it, are fully aware of the coexisting good; and a more philosophical turn of mind on the part of Mr. Pike would have led him not only to admit that all men were not demons from the fifth century to the fifteenth, but to have seen in the very successive laws which he quotes the evidence not only of the evils they were designed to check, but also of the efforts ceaselessly making to aid the right in its sempiternal struggle with the wrong.

It is somewhat curious and, to an American not particularly gratifying, to observe that not a few of the evidences adduced by Mr. Pike to prove a condition of barbarism almost incredible to the modern Englishman, are evils of which we are daily making complaint. When he shows that criminals were habitually pardoned for the reason of state that their services might be secured in wars with France, he evidently is not aware that with us such pardons are frequent to serviceable warriors in the strife of election day. When he instances the difficulty of obtaining impartial trials for defendants of rank and station, he evidently cannot imagine that with us, in the full glare of modern civilization, criminals of political influence can almost bid defiance to the laws; and when he alludes to the venality of the bench as an irrefragable proof of the debasement of our forefathers, he shows a lamentable ignorance of the existence of such judicial luminaries as Barnard and Cardozo. If in the mouldy records of the *Coram Rege* Roll he had found an instance, like that of Messrs. Gardner and Charlick, of the reappointment of persons while still under sentence for malfeasance in office, he would have felt himself justified in proclaiming that the people of England were so utterly lost to shame that they preferred criminals to honest men for the most responsible positions, and that they were all irredeemably bad. Low as is unfortunately the tone of our public morality, we know how false would be such conclusions from undeniable facts, and thus Mr. Pike's volume, while invaluable as a collection of historical material, is unphilosophical in its tone and unsafe as a guide.

We shall look forward with much interest to the appearance of the promised continuation of the work, while expressing the hope that the author will see fit to modify the arrangement of his notes and references. He has gathered these together at the end of the volume as an Appendix, without any marks of reference in the text, on the plea that the reader should not have his attention distracted. Had Mr. Pike been writing an historical romance,

this would have been very convenient, as it has proved to be in the Waverley Novels, but his book is eminently one which should have been arranged for the student rather than for the superficial reader, and the distractions caused by continually turning from one end of the volume to the other, not only to ascertain references to authorities, but in hopes of finding additional interesting information upon the subject of the text, is far more damaging to the continuity of the narrative and distracting to the attention of the reader, than merely glancing to the bottom of the page.

Souvenirs de Bourgogne. Par Emile Montégut. (Paris: Hachette; New York: F. W. Christern. 1874.)—Among the French writers of the past twenty years, M. Emile Montégut is not the most conspicuous. *Le rôle effacé*, as the French say, which he has been willing to play, has indeed in a measure helped to characterize his gifts. His articles, extremely numerous and various, and treating often of English themes, must be sought out in the back volumes of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, for he has never thought it worth his while to republish them. We have often wondered why, and have finally concluded that this inflexible modesty is but another form of the subtle fastidiousness which is the most striking quality in his writings. His only large literary enterprise has been a prose translation of Shakspere, but it must be confessed that this is a task of handsome proportions. He has also published French versions of Macaulay's History and of Emerson's earlier essays. His philosophy as a critic and commentator is rather of the pessimistic sort; it is at least a philosophy in which resignation, appreciation, and a kind of mellow stoicism, finding its *point d'appui* in culture for culture's sake, stand instead of certain more boisterous forms of hope and faith. It is difficult to define so peculiar a literary temperament as that of M. Montégut, but the attempt would be worth making for the sake of enlarging our conception of intellectual delicacy. To succeed in it, one would really need our author's own faculty of super-subtle analysis. We most rapidly hit the mark, perhaps, in saying that he is, to our sense, a fruit of pure culture, refined to an intellectual mellowness beside which the inspiration proceeding from genius seems crude and cold. Whether M. Montégut is a man of genius or not is again a case for an æsthetic casuist like himself to deal with, and he lacks, certainly, the more aggressive attributes of talent. He has neither the weight and mass and emphasis of M. Taine, nor the bristling malice—the critical *scratch*, as one may call it—of Sainte-Beuve. Many readers, we imagine, find him tame and dull, and his best friends must be those contemplative minds who care more for the journey than for the goal—more to look out of the window than to arrive. His characteristic fault is a tendency to prolixity, but this prolixity is so sincere, so suggestive, so charged with information and reflection, that we rarely desire to abridge it. Each of M. Montégut's essays, indeed, reads like a series of excursions from the broad highway; his main idea has generally the lightness and *finesse* of those butterflies of thought which flit across the path of more dogmatic minds, but rarely tempt them so far afield in pursuit. Little by little our author's slow-moving, wide-glancing manner diffuses itself over his subject like a soft autumnal atmosphere—an atmosphere in which the muffled melancholy which resounds through all deep science plays the part of the grey autumnal haze. In this atmosphere we have spent many an agreeable hour, and we have had pleasure in finding it, in the volume before us, as salutary and soothing as ever.

A few years since, M. Montégut published a volume of notes of travel in Belgium and Holland, and showed that he was as ingenious a critic of painting and architecture as of literature and morals. He now follows with a substantial record of a really exhaustive tour of contemplation, we should call it, rather than of inspection, through one of the rich provinces of France—the thrice-historic Burgundy. In a preface animated not altogether rationally by the petulance of wounded patriotism, he offers his fellow-countrymen a plea for their now broad land as a field for the tourist. It now behoves Frenchmen, he says, to shut themselves up from a world which has measured out such scanty sympathy to their disasters and look for consolations at home. "Let us make of Normandy our England; of Provence our Italy; of Béarn and Roussillon our Spain; and let us look for Germany only in those provinces which force has taken from us." If M. Montégut's countrymen in general possessed the admirable tourist-temperament with which he has been gifted, they might certainly discover a limitless source of entertainment and consolation; and if they possessed his singular faculty of suggestive and vivifying description, they would add at the same time to the entertainment of their neighbors. A tourist so redolent of varied culture as M. Montégut is in this indirect fashion, a most agreeable companion; and there is something really affecting in witnessing the contact of a mind infinitely refined, and exquisitely prepared by years of discriminating bookishness, with the material treasures of civilization. In fact, M. Monté-

gut's impressions of landscapes and monuments strike us often like the response of a deep-toned musical instrument to the touch of authoritative fingers. His cultivated imagination gives out in the historic Burgundian atmosphere a kind of constant murmur of appreciation—a tremor of perception and reflection. The book reads like the record of an intellectual holiday; but such only are the holidays of those with whom knowledge is a passion which consents at most to shift its opportunities. Happy the observer who passes on his way with a mind at once so fertilized and so unfatigued by the gathered lore of things, and happy the cities and sites that receive the tribute of so much patient ingenuity, of such a genial passion for reviving and interpreting, cross-questioning ghosts and shadows and echoes, healing and repairing the general injury of time! M. Montégut's volume has suggested to us more reflections than we have space for. Several of these have touched upon the charm of the sort of writing to which his book belongs. We have always been fond of the record of spontaneous personal impressions of the objects which share with ourselves the privilege of dotting the earth's surface, and which differ from us mainly in being but a trifle more passive than we; and these pages confirm our partiality by proving that such a record may be a perfectly graceful vehicle for the most general and most comprehensive reflections. It is true that to manage it well we should possess that combination of qualities which in their high development make the rare originality of M. Montégut—the sense of the artist, the joy in material forms, and the conscience of the moralist, the care for spiritual meanings. Both as connoisseur and as moralist, M. Montégut is equally ingenious and penetrating, equally conjectural, fanciful, adventurous, incapable of remaining inert and irresponsive before any manifestation of what was once a living force. Painters will not care for his criticisms on pictures—they will call them too fantastic and far-fetched and literary; and moralists of the sterner sort will not care for his meditations—they will call them too æsthetic, too disinterested, too much tainted with that spirit to which the nature of a creed differs only in degree from that of the ornamental stonework of the church which commemorates it; but we are safe in saying that the "general reader" will find in the '*Souvenirs de Bourgogne*' a fund of serious and yet not oppressive diversion.

William Carstares. A Character and Career of the Revolutionary Epoch (1649-1715). By Robert Herbert Story, minister of Rosneath. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1874. 8vo, pp. 335.)—William Carstares is called by Lord Macaulay "one of the most remarkable men of that age"; and Mr. Burton says of him that "except Bentinck, it would be difficult to point out any one whom William [the Third] so entirely esteemed and trusted." Expressions of opinion like these fully justify an attempt to make him better known to this generation; and Mr. Story's own judgment seems borne out by the facts. "That the 'Revolution Settlement' was firmly established in Scotland; that the Union was peaceably effected; that the church, instead of splitting into a number of hostile and fanatical sects, gradually accommodated itself to that relation with the state which at once guaranteed its constitutional freedom and equipped it most efficiently for its sacred work, was mainly owing to Carstares" (p. 368). He goes on in vindication of his task: "For one Scotsman who has heard the name of Carstares thousands are familiar with that of Dundee, though the actual life's work of the one is woven into the very framework of our national being and political constitution, and that of the other has been long since cast into the limbo of unremembered vanities." To remedy this injustice is a praiseworthy aim. Still, Mr. Story is ready to do justice to Dundee. "Among the many false, time-serving, and mediocre politicians of the Convention, his character stands out in a fine light of military genius, personal daring, quick insight, and single-hearted loyalty which almost persuade us to overlook for the time his cruelty as the persecutor of the Covenanters and the harsh instrument of the tyranny of the Privy Council" (p. 163).

Of course the life of a man like Carstares—a clergyman by profession, but a king's chosen counsellor in perplexing relations of state—gives little occasion for the romantic or picturesque features of history. The real subject of the book is the ecclesiastical settlement of Scotland, which had been wavering between Episcopacy and Presbytery for more than a century, and received its permanent organization at this time. Perhaps the most interesting special point brought out here is in the nature of the Episcopacy which was at issue. It was not the liturgy but the prelacy which was resisted by the Scotch. Even the Presbyterians had clung to forms of worship until long after the time of John Knox; while the Episcopal Church of Scotland "was episcopal in government, but no more. It had no liturgy." Further, the resistance to it was quite as much political as religious. Thus Carstares was, like his king, at heart tolerant, and labored earnestly for that policy in the Church of Scotland which should "include in the church all who could be comprehended in an orthodox and loyal communion"; but

when it came to Toleration, as a 'political issue, under Queen Anne's Tory ministry, he could not hesitate as to his position. Toleration was "advocated for the sole purpose of regaining their lost ascendancy to the Episcopalians and Jacobites of Scotland [and the Scotch Episcopalians were almost to a man Jacobite]. A strong and united Presbyterian Church was the foe which they most dreaded; and their efforts were therefore bent to such measures as they hoped would weaken it and split it into factions. . . . The Toleration . . . was in itself an equitable redress of an undoubted grievance; but as the true Liberals of 1637 had resisted King James's toleration then, because they knew that it was advanced for the behoof of the enemies of rational liberty and religion, so now the true Liberals in the Scottish Church withstood a kindred measure proposed with a kindred aim" (p. 322).

A characteristic incident is related of Carstares (p. 108). When passing through London on his way to exile in Holland, in 1635, after having been put to torture in Edinburgh, Lord Melfort advised him to call upon the King as a matter of courtesy. "He told Melfort that, if he were to wait upon King James, he should feel constrained to say several things to him which would reflect but little credit on His Majesty's servants and administration in Scotland, and that the interview could be agreeable to neither. Melfort, on reflection, 'thought it more advisable to dispense with that ceremony.' The less the King heard or saw of Carstares, he said, the better." Mr. Freeman, who somewhere regrets the old English name Aken (Aachen) for Aix-la-Chapelle, would be pleased to see that Mr. Carstares, who spent some time there, always calls it *Aiken*.

History of French Literature. Adapted from the French of M. Demogeot by Christiana Bridge. (London: Rivingtons; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1874.)—The manual of Demogeot upon the history of French literature was published twenty-three years ago. It still retains its value as a work not too elementary, for it presupposes a certain knowledge of the subject and abounds in allusions, not always happily introduced, which render it difficult to be well understood by young minds and lessen its utility as a schoolbook. We have it now adapted and somewhat shortened, but not improved. It is questionable whether such a handbook in English is really of use. Those interested in French literature know, or ought to know, French enough to read the original. Allowing that they do not, the work they need is one that will explain to them the unknown literature by some comparison with what they do know. The pleasant little volumes of 'Ancient Classics for English Readers' do this, and are almost all of them good books. But why, as in this "adaptation," quote scraps of untranslated old French (as in pp. 26, 27, 30, 48), why speak of *trouvères*, *jongleurs*, *chansons de geste*, without explaining clearly what these words mean as words?

But this "adaptation" has other sins besides those of omission. The first few pages abound in errors. Some are due to the original work, which,

published long ago, is not up to recent researches; as when it accepts the spurious Celtic and Iberian fragments of poems which ought long ago to have disappeared from works of instruction; or the now exploded theory about the courts of love; or the fancies of Génin in regard to the authorship and constitution of the Song of Roland. Other statements, too numerous to mention, are the additions of the "adapter." Thus on p. 31 we are told that Gregory of Tours (who lived in the sixth century) described the principal events of the First Crusade in a long Provençal poem. On p. 5 we find the unaccountable statement that "Provençal had been the general language of France until the ninth century, when it made way for the dialect of the North, which we call French." As a specimen of the style, we may quote the following paragraph on the "Influence of Germany" (p. 4):

"From the far North, from the frozen shores of the Arctic seas, from fir-clad mountains and boundless steppes, came the vast hordes which were destined to put an end to the Empire of Rome. We trace their onward sweep from utmost Asia. Each halting-place became the cradle of a new people. From the scorching plains of India to the snow-covered hills of Norway, a cordon was stretched round imperial Rome; and as she grew weaker and more shrunken, the hardy and vigorous warriors pressed on."

The Physiology of the Circulation in Plants, in the Lower Animals, and in Man. By J. Bell Pettigrew, M.D., etc. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1874.)—Dr. Pettigrew is an anatomist of considerable experience, and the student will find in his book a good many facts of original observation rather chaotically strung together. He will also find a good many original views lamely presented and poorly supported. Thus the author thinks that muscular relaxation is as active as its contraction, and thus explains the suction of the heart. But he omits the crucial experimental proof that a muscle will perform work when stretching. He has also original and vague morphological ideas, and his book cannot be recommended to the beginner, although those who are already expert in biology may find it suggestive.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	Publishers.—Prices.
Adams (C. F.), <i>Memoirs of J. Q. Adams, Vol. II.</i>	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Arnould (S. J.), <i>Life of Lord Chief-Justice Denman, Vol. I.</i>	(Estes & Lauriat) \$3 50
Art-Journal, No. CXL, swd.	(Virtue & Yorton)
Barnard (C.), <i>Money and Music.</i>	(Henry L. Shepard & Co.) 1 00
Bagby (Dr. G. W.), <i>What I Did with my Fifty Millions, swd.</i>	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Clark (F. E.), <i>Our Vacations.</i>	(Estes & Lauriat) 1 00
Campbell (Lord), <i>Lives of the Chief-Justices of England, Vol. IV.</i>	(Estes & Lauriat) 3 50
Dwight (B. W.), <i>History of the Descendants of John Dwight, of Dedham, Mass.</i>	(New York)
Foss (E.), <i>Memories of Westminster Hall, Vol. I.</i>	(Estes & Lauriat) 3 50
Goodwin (Rev. T. A.), <i>Mode of Man's Immortality.</i>	(J. B. Ford & Co.) 1 25
Hugo (V.), <i>The Rhine: a Tour.</i>	(Estes & Lauriat) 1 75
Martin (Dr. F. R.), <i>Treatment of Mediomania.</i>	(A. K. Butts & Co.) 1 00
Verne (J.), <i>From the Clouds to the Mountains.</i>	(W. F. Gill & Co.) 1 50
Medina Pomar (Count de), <i>The Honeymoon: a Romance, 2 vols.</i>	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Raymond (R. W.), <i>Mining Industry of the Rocky Mountains.</i>	(J. B. Ford & Co.) 4 50
Ritter's <i>Geographisch-statistisches Lexicon, Cell-Ferentino, swd.</i>	(W. Westermann & Co.)
Schmidt (Dr. A.), <i>Shakspeare Lexicon, Vol. I, A-L, swd.</i>	(F. W. Christern) 5 00
Seamond (Capt. C. M.), <i>Marine Mammals of N. W. Coast of North America.</i>	(J. B. Carmany & Co.)
<i>Tribune Popular Science.</i>	(Henry L. Shepard & Co.) 1 50
<i>The Workshop, No. 7, swd.</i>	(E. Stelger) 0 50
Wallace (A. R.), <i>A Defence of Modern Spiritualism, swd.</i>	(Colby & Rich)
Walker (F. A.), <i>Statistical Atlas of the U. S., Part III., Vital Statistics, swd.</i>	(Washington)

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THE WEEK IN TRADE AND FINANCE.

NEW YORK, July 20.

THE week has been an unusually quiet one in Wall Street. The report of a second large fire in Chicago caused only a temporary decline and excitement in the stock market, and seemed to establish the fact that stocks were well held. The attractions at Saratoga drew away a large number of operators, and at times during the last four days of the week business was almost entirely suspended at the Stock Exchange, and the Long Room was turned into a "pool room."

Money on call has been easy at the rates last quoted—2 to 3 per cent., with the larger number of loans making at 2½ per cent. Commercial paper is in good demand at 6 and 7 per cent. for good names having three to four months to run, and extra choice names, running into November, have been placed as low as 5 per cent.

Cable advices report a continuance of easy money in London; the Bank of England rate of discount remaining at 2½ per cent. throughout the week ending Thursday. The Bank lost £209,000 in bullion.

The weekly statement of the New York banks on Saturday was favorable—showing a still further gain of \$1,034,000 in the net surplus reserve as compared to that of the previous week. The following shows the changes in the different items going to make up the statement:

	July 11.	July 18.	Differences.
Loans.....	\$287,088,400	\$285,315,000	Dec.. \$1,773,400
Specie.....	27,375,400	27,755,300	Inc.. 379,900
Legal tenders.....	61,335,100	61,853,700	Inc.. 518,600
Deposits.....	243,525,600	242,983,600	Dec.. 542,000
Circulation.....	25,923,700	25,727,500	Dec.. 196,000

The following shows the relation between the total reserve and the total liabilities:

	July 11.	July 18.	Differences.
Specie.....	\$27,375,400	\$27,755,300	Inc.. \$379,900
Legal tenders.....	61,335,100	61,853,700	Inc.. 518,600
Total reserve.....	\$88,710,500	\$89,609,000	Inc.. \$898,500
Reserve required against deposits.....	60,881,400	60,745,900	Inc.. 135,500
Excess of reserve above legal requirements.....	27,829,100	28,863,100	Inc.. 1,034,000

The stock market has undergone frequent fluctuations though quite unimportant, the market closing on Saturday at about the quotations current at the beginning of the week. The Northwestern and St. Paul stocks are rather feverish owing to the unsettled question of the right of the State of Wisconsin to interfere with railroad tariffs, which question, it is now said, will come up for argument before the U. S. Supreme Court in October; meanwhile an injunction has been applied for in the State Courts to prevent the railroad companies from violating the law. On Wednesday a very sudden decline was made in the market owing to the large fire in Chicago. The news, as first received, was well calculated to throw the market into a panic, but holders wisely concluded to hear more about the fire before selling, and subsequently, when it was known just what the extent of the damage was, a very sharp recovery was made. The leading subject of conversation has been the payment of an August dividend upon Lake Shore. The recent statement published by the Company was certainly not encouraging to those who hope for a dividend, as the net profits, after deducting interest, were not

sufficient to pay 4 per cent. to the stockholders. The statement, however, showed an increase in net earnings as compared with those of last year for a corresponding period.

There has been a better demand for some of the investment stocks to-day; Lackawanna sold at 107½, New Jersey Central at 106, and Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy at 105½.

The following shows the highest and lowest sales of the leading stocks at the Stock Exchange for the week ending Saturday, July 18, 1874:

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sales.
N. Y. C. & H. R....	99¼ 99¼	99 99¼	98¾ 99¼	99¼ 99¼	99¼ 99¼	99¼ 100¼	17,610
Lake Shore.....	72¼ 73¼	72 73¼	71 72¼	72¼ 72¼	72¼ 73¼	73¼ 73¼	211,400
Krie.....	31¼ 31¼	32 31¼	31 31¼	32¼ 32¼	32¼ 33	32¼ 33	93,500
Union Pacific.....	26¼ 26¼	25 26¼	25 26¼	25¼ 25¼	25¼ 26¼	26¼ 26¼	26,500
Chl. & N. W.....	37¼ 38	37 37¼	34¼ 37¼	36¼ 37	37 38	37 39	32,500
Do. pfd.....	54¼ 54¼	54 54¼	55 55¼	55 55¼	55 55¼	55 55¼	2,110
N. J. Central.....	105¼ 105¼	105 105¼	105 105¼	105¼ 105¼	105¼ 105¼	105¼ 106	400
Rock Island.....	97 97¼	97 97¼	95¼ 97	97 97¼	97¼ 98	98¼ 99	25,500
Ill. & St. Paul.....	34¼ 34¼	34 34¼	33 34¼	34 34¼	34 34¼	34¼ 35¼	39,700
Do. pfd.....	52¼ 52¼	52 52	52 52	52¼ 52¼	52¼ 53	53¼ 54¼	1,500
Wab. sh.....	34¼ 35¼	34¼ 35	33¼ 34¼	34¼ 34¼	34¼ 35¼	35¼ 35¼	17,100
D. L. & W.....	106¼ 106¼	106¼ 106¼	106¼ 106¼	106¼ 106¼	106¼ 106¼	106¼ 106¼	800
O. & M.....	24¼ 24¼	24¼ 24¼	24¼ 24¼	24¼ 24¼	24¼ 24¼	24¼ 24¼	5,800
C. C. & I. C.....	17¼ 17¼	17¼ 17¼	17¼ 17¼	17¼ 17¼	17¼ 17¼	17¼ 17¼	2,800
W. U. Tel.....	72 72¼	71¼ 72¼	70 71¼	71¼ 71¼	71¼ 72¼	72¼ 72¼	106,400
Pacific Mail.....	43 43¼	43¼ 43¼	42¼ 43¼	43¼ 43¼	43¼ 43¼	43¼ 45	70,800

Government bonds have been strong, and prices have improved. The *Financial Chronicle* says, in relation to the bids for the new 5's to be opened on the 23d inst.:

"It appears at present as if there would be quite a number of small bids from home purchasers, but what the heavy men will do—the foreign bankers—is not yet known. It is rumored that a combination has offered to take \$25,000,000, or according to another report \$50,000,000, on certain conditions as to an option for the balance, or with an agreement that no more of the bonds should be offered by the Secretary within a specified time. The details for bidding and completing the exchange of five-twenties for the new bonds seem to be imperfectly understood. Bidders will have 90 days from July 23 to pay for bonds, but if they take them up any time before the 50 days expire, 90 days' interest must be paid in addition to the interest accrued to July 23. The subscriber for an exchange of bonds will be charged the interest on the bonds for 90 days from July 23, whenever he takes them; but he will also be credited the interest on his five-twenties for the same time."

It is reported that the State of New York, having been unable to buy up a sufficient amount of its Bounty Loan bonds, will make a bid for a large amount of the new 5's for the purpose of investing the money which the Treasurer has on hand for the purchase and cancellation of its own debt.

The following are the closing quotations this evening:

	BID.	ASKED		BID.	ASKED
Registered 6's, 1881, c.....	118	118¼	Registered 5-20, 1867, c.....	117¼	117¼
R. gistered 5-20, 1862, c.....	112¼	113¼	R. gistered 5-20, 1868, c.....	117¼	117¼
Registered 5-20, 1864, c.....	115¼	116¼	Registered 10-40's, c.....	112¼	113¼
Registered 5-20, 1865, c.....	117	117¼	R. gistered 5's, 1881.....	112¼	113¼
Registered 5-20, new, 1865, c.....	116¼	116¼	U. S. Currency 6's.....	117	117¼

The gold market was quiet during the week with the following as the range of the quotations:

Monday, July 13..	109¾	109¾	109¾	109¾
Tuesday, July 14..	109¾	109¾	109¾	109¾
Wednesday, July 15	109¾	109¾	109¾	109¾
Thursday, July 16.	109¾	109¾	109¾	109¾
Friday, July 17..	109¾	110	109¾	110
Saturday, July 18..	110	110¼	110	110¼

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